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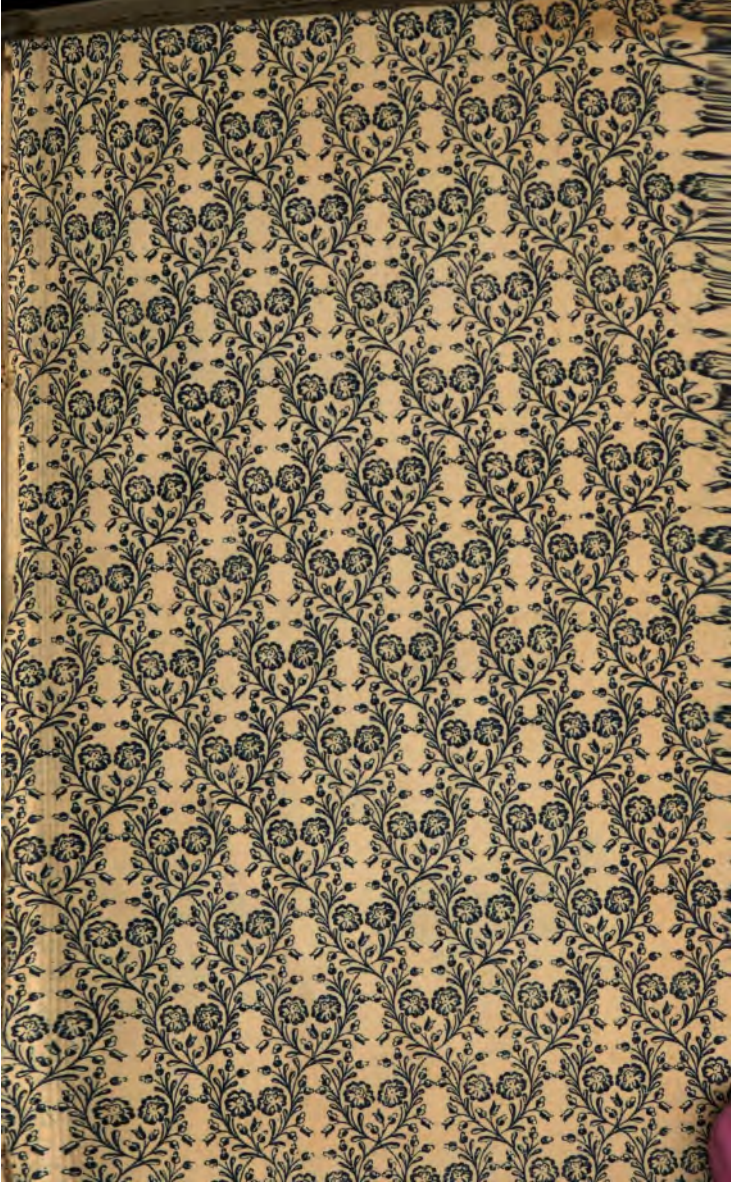

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CORNISH WHIDDLES

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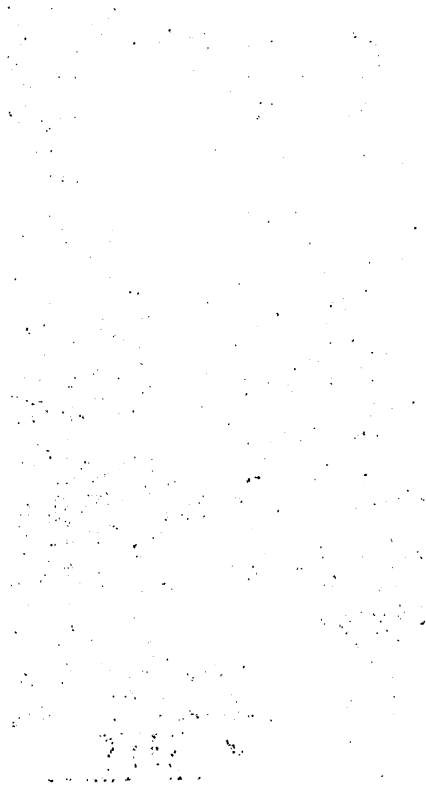

CORNISH WHIDDLES

FOR TEENIN' TIME

TOLD BY

MRS. FRANK MORRIS

WITH PICTURES BY ARCHIBALD K. NICHOLSON

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
1898

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Fine money

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NOTE

THEY lived in an old chapel. The black lettering describing the original use of the building showed through the yellow wash that was intended to hide, but which only veiled the legend.

Inside, the chapel was divided into three parts. First by a wooden partition with a door in it which led to the bedroom ; beyond which the children never went, and much they wondered what the bedroom was like.

The second division was kitchen, parlour, meeting-house all in one. In it stood the pulpit, which sanctified the place. Once the children climbed the pulpit steps, and were about to pull open the door, when She

caught them, called them "wicked," and set them each on a chair with their faces towards the curtain that divided the kitchen, parlour, and meeting-house from——

From the place of enchantment where Mr. Trethowan sat working from morning to night, making and mending boots, and shoes. The tap, tap, of his hammer rounded the children's waking and going to sleep dreams, every day except Sunday.

On Sunday He walked out with a high silk or beaver hat—I'm not sure which—on his head, and wearing shiny black clothes; walked beside Mrs. Lawrence and behind Brother Thomas, and Brother Thomas's two prim daughters. Brother Thomas was a preacher in the sect to which they all belonged. What it was the children did not know; only they knew it was a very small sect, because so few people were good enough to join it.

Mrs. Trethowan was good enough, any one could see. She wore on weekdays a brown straw cottage bonnet, with a black ribbon band across the crown of it. A cottage bonnet in the late fifties was a rarity, and impressed the children with the feeling it was a badge of sanctity.

Inside the bonnet Mrs. Trethowan wore a white net cap, which had a closely pleated border that divided the brown of her face from the brown of her bonnet. She wore a short and narrow brown dress in an age of distended skirts, which also the children felt to be an emblem of sanctity.

Over her shoulders Mrs. Trethowan wore a grey fringed "turnover," and a black apron about the waist. When she was busy the ends of the "turnover" were pinned back to her shoulders, and a lilac cotton apron replaced the black one. On weekdays a grey woollen shawl was worn over the "turnover" out of

doors; on Sundays a black shawl took the place of the grey one.

The brown gown and cottage bonnet never varied; the children never saw Mrs. Trethowan without her bonnet but once, when she removed it to show their nurse her cap, which Mrs. Trethowan said "was more befitting" than the one the nurse did wear.

Mrs. Trethowan went "to shop" daily from half-past three to half-past four o'clock. Brother Thomas and his two daughters kept the shop, and the latter served the children with sweets when they took their evil-smelling copper pennies to spend there.

Mrs. Trethowan when she went to shop—it was the only one in the near neighbourhood—carried a double covered straw basket—like the chapel doors the covers were, the children thought. In the basket Mrs. Trethowan laid her purchases—"a pennerth of tea," "a haporth of sugar," and everything

else on the same scale, although the basket was big enough to put several pounds of things in. These purchases interlarded with conversation took up the time.

After Mrs. Trethowan had cleaned up after dinner, filled the kettle at the well in the chapel yard ready for tea, she would unpin the turnover ends, take off the lilac apron, put on the black one and her grey shawl, and come outside the double doors of the chapel, look up at the sky and sniff.

If she said, "'Twill rain, I blaw," she took with her besides the basket a big grey cotton umbrella with bulging sides, big enough to shelter five Mrs. Trethowans.

If she said, "Fine weather, praised be——" she passed down the road with the basket alone on her arm.

Then the children used to run out of their garden across a dusty white road and knock

at the double doors of the chapel. A thin, wavering voice would say—

"Come in."

The children would enter the chapel. Then over the top of the dividing curtain Mr. Trethowan's large white face would appear, his pointed chin resting on the dark curtain folds, his broad, bald, domed forehead touched by the light from the high chapel windows—"just like a kite," the children said.

"You, is it?" he would say. His kite-shaped face would be lifted up and disappear behind the low curtain.

The children would then steal slowly past the pulpit, past the closed door that shut the bedroom in, then, like rabbits to their burrow, dive under the curtain into Mr. Trethowan's workshop.

Leather in stiff cylinder shapes. Leather shaped for shoes and boots. Leather in

chips. Leather laces hanging in seaweed-like bunches. Leather covers to some old books on a high shelf.

Books Mr. Trethowan used to read in his "worldly days," Mrs. Trethowan said; but which, since he had "found the Lord," he had never opened. The books, he said, had been given him by the "Auld Master." Who that was the children never knew.

Mr. Trethowan had been a sailor, had "drank" and been a "sinner" his wife said. He never spoke, only smiled and coughed, when she told us these things.

The cough it was had "driven him to the Lord," "to his wife," and "to the shoe-making." Mr. Trethowan was a "weak vessel," his wife said, and he smiled and coughed when she said it.

Mrs. Trethowan was not a "weak vessel." She sang mournful hymns to doleful tunes

with a cracked voice. She "prayed" "in class" too.

Mr. Trethowan never spoke except—— I'll tell you when very soon.

When Mr. Trethowan measured people's feet his wife would stand by, hands on hips, head back, lips curved downwards when she was not talking in a broad Cornish dialect. He would measure, note in a leather-bound pocket-book, draw in his breath with a sound like "iss," to show he heard the instructions given to him by his wife on behalf of the customer.

When Mr. Trethowan spoke it was with a soft Cornish drawl, a lilt in his voice, but he used few words of Cornish dialect.

Besides the leather in Mr. Trethowan's workshop there was a bench, a tool-box with shiny round-handled tools, a lump of bees-wax, a lump of chalk, a piece of heel-ball, and a pair of scissors. Before the bench

and by the side of Mr. Trethowan's stool were two carpet-covered "tuts"[1] for the children to sit on.

There were also slanting sun-rays full of—not dust—grey pixies, that floated up and down the golden pathways.

There was the sound of a thin, wavering voice, and at its will the children saw giants, witches, pixies, mermaids, Cornwall as it was in olden times, warriors fighting, priests chanting; wild beasts prowling amid the forests, howling outside the wicker palisades that defended the villages within the encircling ditch.

Mr. Trethowan said that "Auld Master' had told him the tales. His wife never knew he told the stories. At the first sound of her returning footsteps Mr. Trethowan would send the children to fetch "The Pilgrim's Progress" off the table in his wife's

[1] Footstools.

room; then they slipped back a portion of the curtain and sat down on their "tuts" side by side. As Mrs. Trethowan entered she would call out "Page —," any one that she thought of, and in turns the children would, sentence by sentence, read the page indicated, whilst Mrs. Trethowan's neat feet scrunched the sanded floor as she deftly "fitted tea."

When the page was ended Mrs. Trethowan would take the book, Mr. Trethowan would fold his leather apron back preparatory to taking tea, and the children, hand in hand, would steal away with a murmured "Good evening, Mrs. Trethowan," and a smile at her husband.

"How did Mr. Trethowan make the children see giants, and fairies, and the other things?"

"He told them stories."

"Can I remember any of them?"

"Yes, some; but I cannot give them in his words, nor make you hear his voice, but as well as I can I will tell to you some of the stories he told to the children a long time ago; for you have guessed rightly—I was one of the children."

I

WRATH GUNNA KILL

I

WRATH GUNNA KILL

WRATH meant Giant in the olden times.

The Welsh Giant killed the solitary eaglet in the King Eagle's nest. In his anger the King Eagle caught the Giant's only man child up in his beak by its sheepskin coat, and flew away over the mountains and sea, and into the West Country. Past the hills Row Tor, and Brown Willy, across the river Camel, and into a hole in the rocky cliff that formed the southern bank of the river, he dropped the giant baby. Then flew back whence he came.

The next year the King Eagle's nest was full of eaglets.

But never another child had the Welsh

Giant, for he died of grief at loss of his son. That's the end of him.

Now my story begins.

It happened, as the King Eagle flew across the river, bearing the baby dangling from his beak, that Rhauc, chief of the Gunna tribe, was in his coracle fishing.

A coracle is what the boats of that time were called; basket-work covered with hides of beasts they were. Very odd! Yes, you can see some like them in Wales to this day.

Well, this Rhauc, when he saw the Eagle, watched him and thought it was a sheep he held in his beak. When the Eagle disappeared amongst the bushes and saplings that grew on the river bank, and flew back across the river bearing nothing in his beak, Rhauc said to himself:

"I must see about this."

So he paddled to land as quickly as he

could, climbed up the steep bank and parted the branches. When he saw, like an acorn from its cup, the babe's rounded, golden head, rising out of the midst of the ferns that fringed the hole into which the babe had been dropped by the King Eagle.

Rhauc kneeled down and lifted the child up. He was a weight. As big as Rhauc's three-year old child Rhaere. This stranger child was as helpless as a babe of three months in spite of his size, and that was in fact his age.

Very carefully Rhauc stepped up the hill with the child in his arms. Hot and tired he was when he reached the clearing in the forest, where was built the village of Gunna where Rhauc and his tribe lived.

There was a fine fuss going on there, because the Priest Azhad was come to keep the Midsummer's Day Feast.

All the men children born since the last

summer festival were to be named at it; and fires burned in honour of the Sun which they worshipped.

Were they heathens? Well, they were not Christians, for they lived ages before Christ was born. They killed men and women, I've heard, at their big feasts.

When Azhad the priest saw the babe, and heard how and where Rhauc had found it, he said:

"'Tis the gods have sent him. A Giant will he be, and fight for the Gunnas against their enemies. He will win for them more than they have lost. See that you train him well as a fighting man. To-morrow I will name him over the dying feast fire with the other men children."

Loudly screamed the babies the next night when Azhad passed them through the smoke, which half choked them and stung their eyes, and the dying fires scorched their

tender skins. But the stranger babe smiled at the Priest Azhad when he named him:

"Gunna Kill."

He smiled, too, at the chief Rhauc, who received him from the Priest's hands; so instead of being handed to the women to be petted, the soldiers laid him on one of their hide shields, and bore him back to the village, in their midst; whilst the women trudged behind with their wailing men children hugged to their breasts.

As Gunna Kill began, he went on. The soldiers looked after him as they did their dogs and their horses. He was no more trouble and quite as obedient. Wrath Gunna Kill they named him, for in three years he had grown to be twenty feet in height, and strong and broad in proportion as he was high.

His head was covered over with golden curls that shone in the sun's rays, as Wrath

Gunna Kill walked along the hill tops on the south side of the river. And the tribes at enmity with the Gunnas saw his golden curls glistening as he walked, and feared to attack the tribe because of its giant who fought for them. So for a time the tribe had peace, whilst Gunna Kill kept watch over them.

I said Gunna Kill was as obedient to the soldiers as their dogs and horses; but he was a slave to Rhaere, the son of Rhauc. The child had but to order Wrath Gunna Kill to do anything, and if it could be done, it was done.

"Fetch me the Moon, Gunna Kill!" called the child one night from his bed; for through the doorway of Rhauc's hut the Moon shone, riding high in the sky, a pale gold moon at its full size.

Gunna Kill, who was lying along the village street with his head close by the door, said never a word; but stood up, shook

himself like a dog, turned his face to the moon and strode after it. Through the forest amid which the village lay; over the Downs: and on, and on, till he came just to Trecoban, that hill you see there. And just as he reached the foot a great cloud covered the Moon, and all was dark.

Then came a voice calling out of the darkness:

"You want the Moon, Wrath; fight for it!"

A dark shape drew near, and just then the Moon shone out again, and Gunna Klil could see a two-headed giant, who cried:

"I am Wrath Trecoban; who are you?"

"Wrath Gunna Kill."

"You must fight me if you want the Moon."

The two Wraths fought so long that the Moon dropped behind the hill, and the Sun rose up and looked on. At last Gunna Kill

pulled Trecoban in half, by dragging a head each way.

Then a voice cried :

"Cut open the heart."

This Gunna Kill did, and out fell a golden moon as big as your face, with writing and pictures all over it.

Gunna Kill walked down to the river and washed the blood off the Moon in its waters, and the river runs red to this day by Lelant Towans.

Great was Rhaere's delight to have the golden moon; he wore it tied across his chest like a breastplate, and the fame of Gunna Kill was spread abroad.

About this time the tribes that lived on the north side of the river, over about Brown Willy were much harassed by a great Dragon; that, when he was not lying coiled around the foot of the hill with his tail tucked into his mouth, used to prowl over

the country and eat whatever and whoever came in his way. Man, woman, child, beast, or bird; it was all the same to the Dragon.

Then the tribes sent a message to Rhauc, to ask him to send his giant to kill the Dragon, even as he had killed Trecoban.

Rhauc told Gunna Kill he could do as he liked; but as usual the Wrath said nothing, but took to lying along the river bank in the glare of the sun, his curls shining against the grass like gold.

As Gunna Kill lay there one day the Sun's long spear-like rays rested on the ground near him. Gunna Kill put out his hand and caught hold of one of them and held it tightly.

The Sun, blinking and smiling down at the earth from the summer sky, did not know what Gunna Kill had done. But when the Sun wanted to drop behind the hill he found that he could not move his big round face.

"Who's catching hold of one of my long spears?" shouted the Sun.

"I am," said Gunna Kill.

"Let go! Let go! I've got an appointment I must keep," shouted the Sun.

"No, I shan't; I want the spear to kill the Brown Willy Dragon with."

"Promise to bury the Dragon out of my sight, and you shall have the spear to kill it with. The evil beast has made the place hideous for a long time."

"Iss fy, I will," said Gunna Kill.

So with that the Sun tilted up his fat chin, and Gunna Kill pulled, and out came the spear, and down dropped the Sun like a stone, behind the hill.

Gunna Kill didn't dare move about with that long spear until the Sun rose next morning; he feared to knock things over in the dark. But early next day he got up and held the spear over his shoulder; but it

was so long that it scratched the Sun's face, and the gold came off, and so you can see, if you look at it when it does not dazzle your eyes.

Being come to the hill, Gunna Kill steadied his legs, and planted his feet; and lifted the spear, and drove it through the Dragon's head, as it lay with its tail in its mouth; through the hill, and through its body upon the further side of the hill.

That was a sight.

The Dragon gnashed its teeth in its death agony, and they flew about the hill, and you can see them still when you go there. Boulders, I've heard them called, and there are spots of bright red dragon's blood on them still. Folks collect the red spots to make red dye of. But gather as they will, the blood-red spots come again.

The Dragon's heart's blood ran out, and soaked into the grass and earth and turned

it black. It's a peat bog to this day, and many a turve I've seen cut out of it for the kitchen fires up by Brown Willy.

The Sun's golden spear is buried deep in the hill, and a fine fortune it will be for whoever finds it.

Well, when all was quiet, Gunna Kill digged a trench under the dead Dragon's body, and stamped it down into the trench. Then he covered it up, and the Sun smiled upon it so loving like, that the grass grew in a day. And so the tribes had peace.

For a time.

But up the country there was trouble brewing for all the tribes.

Brutus, the King of Britain, gave an army to his brother Corineus; and told him, if he could conquer the West Country he should have it for his own.

This was pleasing to Corineus. So he started forth, and his wife and his daughter

with him, anxious to see their promised kingdom.

Now news was brought to the Priest Azhad of this, brought by the star spirits; and he was very sad. He burnt offerings to the gods, and prayed upon the hilltops. And an answer was sent to him how to act, after many days of prayer.

A great wizard lived in the rock island, outside what is now called Padstow Harbour. Many a time I've sailed past it.

And to that wizard, Azhad the Priest sent Gunna Kill, and bade him

"Wade out into the water, and knock on the rock with your fist; and what is offered to you, take."

Wrath Gunna Kill did as he was bid. And two skinny hands were pushed out of the rock, one holding a suit of mail, and the other a sword. So Gunna Kill took them in his two hands and got to land and

returned to the Priest Azhad, who bade him to

"Put on the suit of mail and gird on the sword. They are given to you," said the Priest, "to use, as is your great stature and strength, to defend the Gunnas against their enemies. The instant you forget this, and use them for your own pleasure or profit, you will be forsaken by the gods; and evil days will come to the Gunnas and to yourself."

Wrath Gunna Kill put on the suit of mail and girded on the sword, and thanked Azhad the Priest for his gift. But the words of Azhad, the Giant took not to his heart, and thought no more of them.

Splendid was Wrath Gunna Kill on the day of the battle between Rhauc, Chief of the tribe of the Gunnas, and Corineus, brother of King Brutus. Gunna Kill's suit of mail shone like silver, his golden curls

shone bright as the sun, when he stood between the two armies and challenged the soldiers of Corineus to do battle with him.

They came by hundreds, and soon the heap of slain was as high as Gunna Kill's knees. Some of the bravest warriors climbed over the heap of dead bodies, and tried to kill the Giant with their battle-axes and spears. But the suit of mail protected Wrath Gunna Kill, and their weapons bent like reeds in their hands; and they too were slain.

Then the rest of the army fled, but Gunna Kill pursued them and did not leave one alive, save Corineus only. He escaped and fled by night back to the Castle on the banks of the river Tamar, where his wife and his daughter Guendolin awaited him. Great was their wrath and grief to see Corineus return alone, and to know of his defeat, and of the loss of his army.

Now the wife of Corineus was a witch, although none knew it; and that night she wrought her spells to see how she could destroy the Giant who had slain her husband's army.

And at morn she bade her husband collect another army to conquer the army of Rhauc and the other tribes, and vowed that she would meanwhile rid the world of the mighty Wrath Gunna Kill.

"In one moon's lifetime I can do this," she said.

Corineus did not believe that his wife could help him, but obeyed her, and he went back to King Brutus to see if he would give him some more soldiers, with which to fight the Giant.

When he was gone, his wife rode forth on her broomstick until she reached the deserted camp of Corineus. Through it she passed until she saw the lad Rhaere asleep

on her husband's couch, covered with her husband's lion-skin robe. About Rhaere's neck hung the golden moon which Gunna Kill had cut out of the heart of the two-headed giant Trecoban.

Now on this moon were writings and pictures, and any one reading them would learn the spells that would destroy Wrath Gunna Kill, by reducing him to the stature of a man. This the wife of Corineus was told by the spirit that had called to Gunna Kill and bade him search for the moon in the Giant's heart. So that Gunna Kill found that, which alone could work him ill in the whole wide world.

Gently the witch woman drew the golden moon from off the sleeping boy's body, mounted her broomstick, flew back to the Castle, where she shut herself up in her room whilst she learned the spells written upon the golden moon. First of all she

found she must get the magic sword and the suit of mail into her possession.

So she bade Guendolin go to the enemy's camp, and carry a basket, and bade her "Tell no one who she was," and "to dress as a beggar-girl."

Guendolin obeyed her mother, and took off her little golden crown, and her fine clothes, and put on a brown woollen gown, which she tore into holes, and soiled with mud; and she unplaited her hair and let it fall about her like a dark cloud; and bare-footed she went forth, bearing on her arm the basket that her mother gave her.

"You must have the Giant's suit of mail and his sword in exchange for the fruit and wine I have put into the basket," Guendolin's mother called after her.

"You shall have them both," replied the girl.

"I must have Wrath Gunna Kill also," called out Guendolin's mother.

Guendolin ran back crying, "I can't do that, Mother."

"Yes you can," said the wicked witch woman. "You must pretend to hurt yourself so that you cannot walk; and Gunna Kill, who is a stupid, good-natured fellow, will carry you home. I will fetch the suit of mail and the sword myself."

So Guendolin went forth to obey her mother.

Gunna Kill was lying stretched out upon a moor with his eyes shut, and he was hungry and thirsty. And there was nothing to eat nor to drink, for the soldiers had eaten and drunken nearly all there was, and hidden the rest. For having the Giant to fight for them so long had made them lazy, and greedy, and stupid.

Whilst he lay there, Guendolin, in the

dress of a poor beggar-maid, came by, carrying a heavy basket.

She sat down close to the Giant's head, and opened her basket lid, and the scent of the fruit filled the Wrath's nostrils. He stretched out one of his hands, like one in a dream, to take it. But a girl's voice said softly:

"Pay first, then eat."

Wrath Gunna Kill started up, and sat down again; and stared at the face of Guendolin, and at her dark clear eyes, and her red lips, and her pretty face shaded by her dark hair.

"Your suit of mail for the fruit," said the beggar girl, holding the basket towards him.

Now Gunna Kill carried the suit of mail in a bundle on his shoulders, and he unstrapped it and gave it for the fruit; for he was a stupid giant, and very hungry, and

he forgot what Azhad the Priest had said to him.

Then as Gunna Kill ate this fruit it made him very thirsty. His lips were parched and dry, and he cried out:

"Oh for something to drink! to quench my thirst."

Then Guendolin shook the wine in the skin, and said:

"Give me your sword, and in exchange you shall have this wine."

At the sound of the liquid gurgling against the skin, Gunna Kill felt he must have it. So he took off his sword, threw it down, and seized the skin of wine, and drank it dry. Whilst he was doing this, Guendolin dragged the suit of mail and the sword around to behind the Giant's back; and her witch mother appeared on her broomstick and fetched them away, and through the air she flew back to the Castle.

Then Guendolin gave a cry, and Gunna Kill heard it and turned his head at sound of it, and saw the beggar-maid stretched on the ground. He went to her, and she cried and said:

"My foot! my foot!"

"Poor child," said the Giant, touching her foot with one of his huge fingers.

"How shall I get home? My mother will beat me if I am too late to fetch the scald milk from the Castle the kind lady gives us," and Guendolin hid her face in her slim white hands and cried. Pretended to, Missie; she was a false maid.

"Let me carry you," said Gunna Kill.

"You are so big I'm afraid of you," and the beggar-maid pulled her dark hair about her face, but her clear brown eyes peeped at the stupid Giant through the meshes of it.

"Now, now—see, you can lie down on

the palm of my hand, and I will twist your long hair about my thumb to hold you steady."

Never before had Gunna Kill talked so much in his life. Guendolin let him lift her on to the palm of his big hand, but she would not twist her hair about Gunna Kill's thumb, because she said it might get pulled and hurt her, but she put one of her arms about it and leaned her sweet face against it, and Gunna Kill gazed at her beauty as he walked over the hills and moors, and when they reached the Castle yard he said—

"May I see you again, beautiful one?"

"My name is Guendolin," said the beggar-maid. "I can't help your seeing me if you have eyes, stupid, and use them."

Gunna Kill said again—

"Where can I see you?"

"Put me down and I'll tell you."

So Gunna Kill lifted the beggar-maid on

to the road outside the Castle yard, and for answer to his question she ran in through the door and shut it in his face; and although Gunna Kill waited long, he did not see her again that night.

The next morning he was lying along the road when Guendolin's mother looked out of her window.

"Run, Guendolin, out to the Giant. You must laugh at him for his great size and make him want to be the same size as men are."

So Guendolin peeped through the big doorway, and Gunna Kill sat up and she laughed at him and cried—

"Take me for a ride, Giant."

Gunna Kill lifted her up again on to his hand, and Guendolin laughed at his eyes and his great nose and his big mouth.

"Would you like me better if I were not a giant?"

"I think I should," said Guendolin. "You would look very nice if you were not so huge."

"I wish I were not a giant!"

"You need not be. I know a witch woman can work spells to turn giants to men, when they want to be loved by women. But I don't suppose you want any one to love you."

"I do," said Gunna Kill; "I want you to love me." He put Guendolin down on to the ground, and knelt by her and said, "Take me to that witch quickly."

Then Guendolin, as her mother had given directions, led Gunna Kill across the moors and through a wood where was a big cave, and into this led Gunna Kill. She kissed his lips before she left him, and Gunna Kill was so overjoyed at the hope of winning her love that he thought of nothing but how to win it.

"You must remain in this dark cave for a whole month," said the witch woman. "You will suffer much."

"I shall not mind," said stupid Gunna Kill, remembering the kiss that the beggar-maid had given to him. So he submitted himself to the wife of Corineus to work her pells upon him.

Great search was made for Gunna Kill by Rhauc and the army for a few days. Then the soldiers begged to return to Gunna to their homes, and Rhauc said to Azhad—

"Gunna Kill has finished the task the gods sent him to do. We have won back all we had lost in former battles and more. The gods have taken him away."

So the army returned to Gunna, and feasted and rejoiced.

Azhad only wept, and prayed for news of Gunna Kill on the hilltops.

Rhaere, too, wanted the Giant to help

him find his golden moon; but Rhauc said—

"The gods have taken that away with the Giant. Laugh and rejoice with the soldiers."

When Corineus, having got together another army from his brother, King Brutus, marched across the Tamar, his wife met him and told him that the Giant was daily growing smaller and weaker, and that he had nothing to fear from Gunna Kill, who was Wrath no longer.

"I will soon follow you to the village of Gunna with Gunna Kill. You go on and take Guendolin with you. There will be no fighting; Rhauc and his army are feasting all day long."

Then Corineus said—

"General Locrinus wants to marry our daughter Guendolin."

"Then let him, and give her the land of the Gunnas for her own, that she and her husband may govern it. When I have

wrought all my spells on Gunna Kill I will follow; and meanwhile I will give orders to have Guendolin's wedding garments made ready."

So it happened that when Corineus with his army marched across the river Camel at ebb of tide, and climbed up the steep hill-side to the village of Gunna, there was none to oppose them. They slew all the drunken soldiers, except Rhauc; and all the women and all the children except Rhaere.

Then Corineus set up his court in the village of Gunna, whilst Locrinus marched with the army westwards as far as the sea, taking the chiefs of the tribes captive, and not one opposed him.

Gunna Kill was brought blindfold to the village, the spells having been completed that made him a Man and no longer a Giant. The wicked witch woman told him that on the morrow, being the Sun Feast, he should

see the beggar maiden, and that she would love him.

Azhad, praying upon the hilltop, was sad that on the great Feast Day he could not offer a victim to the gods, nor perform any ceremonies or preside over rejoicings as was his wont. But a voice cried to him that

"A victim would be slain on that day, and that if he went to the village of Gunna he would see it slain."

The old Priest was very weak and sorrowing, and he could hardly climb down the hillside to the village, where to his surprise he saw signs of great rejoicings, but strangers filled the village, for the women and children and soldiers had all been killed.

Only Rhauc and Rhaere, together with the other conquered chiefs, were working as slaves—drawing water, cooking food, and waiting upon Corineus.

Azhad's heart was very sad, and he was

allowed to sit by one of the fires all night where food was being cooked for the feast the next day, and as he sat there he saw Rhauc, who wept, when he saw the Priest, at the misfortunes that had befallen him. Azhad was too heavy-hearted to say anything to blame him.

"There is to be a great wedding to-morrow, Azhad; Guendolin, daughter of Corineus, is to be wedded to Prince Locrinus, and they are to live here, and govern my land. And Corineus is to be crowned King of all the land, and reign over all the Princes, of whom Locrinus will be one. I will set you where you can see it all to-morrow early, for Rhaere and myself will carry the food and wine to the company. Bitter is my life to me now."

Early Rhauc led Azhad to a stone seat by the side of the canopy of silk under which Guendolin's marriage was to be celebrated, and where her father was to be crowned King.

At sunrise the company began to assemble. And with a sound of trumpets the bride was led under the canopy, her white veil falling over her face. And the priests of her people blessed the marriage, and she sat with her bridegroom by her father's side, whilst her wicked witch-mother sat upon the other side of him.

Then the Priest set a golden crown upon the head of Corineus, and he was proclaimed King of all the western land. And the land was to be named

"CORINUELLE"

in his honour.

"Hail, Corineus, King of Corinuelle!" shouted the soldiers.

Then Azhad saw Corineus rise to speak, and he told the company assembled what I have just told you of the way in which his wife and his daughter Guendolin had ensnared the Giant Gunna Kill, and had betrayed and destroyed him.

"He is here," cried Corineus; "look at him."

A company of soldiers filed up to where Corineus stood, and then marched back, leaving one man standing facing the new King of Corinuelle, and the Bride Guendolin.

A man taller than his fellows, with golden curls that shone brighter than the crown that Corineus wore on his head. The man's face was pale, his eyes were stern and sad, his lips did not tremble, but were firm and red. His arms were chained and his feet, his clothes were ragged and poor, but he held his head high and gazed at the veiled bride. For he too had heard the speech of Corineus, and he knew that he had been tricked, and fooled, into misusing the gifts the gods had given to him in trust for the defence of the Gunnas. Into using those gifts for his own pleasure, his own profit.

Using them for his own pleasure and his

own profit; and they had brought him to this.

The man was Gunna Kill. At sight of him Azhad cried aloud, and Rhauc and Rhaere cried out too, for they understood now that Gunna Kill had betrayed his trust, and they drew nearer, still bearing in their hands the knives with which they carved the meat for the guests.

The bride Guendolin, too, cried, and raised her veil with her slim, trembling white hands, and gazed at the man she had destroyed. As she looked her eyes grew large, and love shone out of them, as all could see. And at least Gunna Kill knew that he had won that for which he had sold his honour.

And Guendolin, Princess of Gunna, daughter of the King of the country, knew that she had gained that for which she had sacrificed her happiness. For Gunna Kill's eyes seemed to scorch her

with the scorn that he felt for her. Careless of what any one thought, Guendolin ran towards Gunna Kill, crying—

"Forgive! Forgive!"

But, chained as were his feet, Gunna Kill turned from her, lest she should defile him with the touch of her hands.

At the same moment Rhauc, and the boy Rhaere, rushed upon Gunna Kill; and drove their cook's knives into his heart.

Prone at Guendolin's feet fell Gunna Kill. His heart's blood, as it flowed, stained the Bride's wedding robe with purple and red as she gazed with horror-struck eyes at the evil she had wrought.

Then cried Azhad—

"A man's Honour for a woman's Love! A woman's Happiness for a Kingdom! The Victim—The Sacrifice——"

And so fell dead.

II

BEN-MA-BREA "

GWENDOLINE IN DESPAIR

GUENDOLIN found her life miserable beyond anything you, Sir, or Missie either, can understand. She thought always of Gunna Kill whom she had betrayed, and every day she wandered from the Castle Prince Locrinus built for them to live in, to the place on the rocky bank of the river Camel where Rhauc had found Gunna Kill, and wept bitterly.

The Wrath's hole, folks called it, and Guendolin's tears were so large, and there were so many of them, that they formed a well in the Wrath's hole, where the Eagle had dropped the Welsh Giant's only man-child.

Now Guendolin was a coward; she had not the courage to live and suffer, so one day she took her own life. But as she went unbidden of the gods to the World Beyond, there was no place prepared for her. And to the abode of the spirits of suicides she had to wander: there, where it was neither light nor dark, hot nor cold, wet nor dry. Suffering no positive misery, but with a constant dread of coming ill oppressing her, Guendolin's spirit existed in torture; the worst and greatest of all being remorse for the death and betrayal of Gunna Kill.

There for long years she cried to the gods to let her Rest, and Forget.

And at the last, wearied of her cries, they sent One to her, who said—

"Follow me."

Once more Guendolin's spirit dwelt in her body; and through the dark valley she followed her guide. Across the bridge that

led to earth, each step taken over burning ploughshares, and through the icy river, Guendolin followed until earth was reached. Then worn out and suffering, Guendolin sank on to the grassy hill on which she stood, and buried her face in the waving grass, and gripped it with her fingers, and pressed her bleeding, wounded feet against the green blades. And her ears were filled with the sound of the hum of bees, and the shrill chirp of the grasshopper. For a space she was happy, and forgot both her sin and her remorse, everything, except that she was on the earth once more and possessed her body.

"Guendolin!" said her guide.

And at the sound of the voice of the One who had delivered her, Guendolin fell on her face and kissed the hem of her guide's robe, and sobbed out her thanks.

"Listen," said the voice. "Your body will be lent to you for one day in each year only

—Mid-Summer's Day. Except on that day your spirit will be flung to and fro by storms, and will shriek amid the tempests until you save a man from death——"

"Alas! alas!" moaned Guendolin, remembering once more her sin. "For Forgetfulness, and Rest, I prayed, and I believed the gods had at last pity. Alas! alas!"

"The gods are just," said her guide. "You destroyed a man, and you must save one. But when you have saved the life of a man, you will not win your body unless the man makes you his wife. And not until then can you know Rest, and Forgetfulness."

The voice ceased, and Guendolin found she was alone, with rolling mounds of green grass about and beneath her, and a blue sky above her, but her despair at hearing she had yet to win her body held her, and she neither moved nor wept.

At set of sun, as the breeze blew in fresh

from the sea, Guendolin's body wavered from off her, as does the flame waver off a torch, blown on by a strong wind. Then naked and shivering, Guendolin's Spirit was hurried along by the breeze, and caught by the storms and winds, and shrieked amid the tempests for a whole year.

The first Mid-Summer's Day that Guendolin had her body, she dragged a man from beneath the hoofs of horses on a battlefield. But as the man's eyes rested on her pale face and on her sad, dark eyes; he fled from her back to where men fought. So at set of sun her body flickered from off her, and her Spirit was left at the mercy of the tempest again.

Many years passed, and of the men Guendolin saved from death not one could bear to gaze upon her. So that she despaired of winning her body; more, she grew to hate it too. For her wedding robe clothed it,

stained with the blood of murdered Gunna Kill; and this robe she could not tear from off her body—it was part of it. And almost Guendolin wished that she had been left in the abode of suicides.

One Mid-Summer's Day when Guendolin awoke she found herself lying on the rock island, where the Wizard had given Gunna Kill the suit of mail and the sword. Guendolin remembered that she used to look across the country at it from her husband's castle, and before she, coward-fashion, slew herself, this island was the last earthly object she had gazed upon.

At the memories that arose within her she lay upon the rocks and fell to weeping, this year, as she had on former years, wasting her one day of life in useless repinings.

Whilst the miserable Guendolin bedewed the hard rock with her tears, the sound of a man's voice singing fell upon her ears.

She dried her eyes so as to see, and looked downwards at the sea from whence the voice came; she saw a fisherman, tall, broad-shouldered, with eyes blue as the sea, and hair like to gold, and he reminded her of Gunna Kill, the man she had betrayed, and loved too late.

All day she watched him, and at night, as her body wavered off her Spirit, the west wind bore her naked Spirit to the lonely hut where the fisherman dwelt alone.

There Guendolin's Spirit remained, and once she was blown against the fisherman's face as he mended his nets by the fire one winter evening.

"'Tis a spider's web," he said, as he brushed his hand across his face—then the draught caught Guendolin's Spirit again and blew it into a corner of the man's hut. So that when she awoke the next Mid-Summer's Day she was within the man's house, and as

he came near to it up from the sea beach where he had been spreading his nets to dry, he saw her, and thought she must be a princess, with her lovely white hands, and large clear brown eyes, and her scarlet mouth set in her pale face. And he feared to speak to so great a lady, being but a poor fisherman, but he followed her along the cliffs all day at a distance; and at sunset, when his eyes were dazzled by the brightness of its glory, Guendolin's body melted off her, and the man sought her vainly when he saw clearly again.

The next year Guendolin awoke to find herself floating upon the waves of the sea; her blood-stained robe bore her up, outspread around her. As she drifted she saw a boat upset at a distance, and, with a cry of fear lest it should be the man's boat, for he was the only living creature she had seen on that water, she tried to swim to him. But

at first she found she could not drive her body along in the right direction, and she drifted farther away; but she tried again and again, and reached him just as King Weilgi's Sea Maidens were carrying him down to their home below the waves.

Guendolin sank after him and fought for the drowning man's body, and won it too, and carried it safely in her blood-stained robe to the sea beach. And when she had time to look, she saw it was the fisherman she had saved—the man who was like Gunna Kill.

Guendolin knelt down on the warm, hard sand and rubbed the man's body with her long dark hair until he revived and opened his eyes and said—

"Ben-ma-brea!"

Now that means "Woman of my heart," and Guendolin was happy for a moment when she heard the man call her this; she

thought her long wanderings were over, that at last she had won her body, and that she would gain Forgetfulness, and Rest.

It was only for a moment, for the memory of her former life returned to her, and she felt she was too bad and wicked to stay near the fisherman, who was a good, true sort of man.

It was very bitter to Guendolin to give up the chance of winning all she had striven for, for so long. She was quite sure this was the only man in the world brave enough to bear to look at her pale face, and her large dark eyes, but she felt she must leave him.

So, sadly, Guendolin turned away from the man to leave him for ever. As she went her body flickered and wavered and lost its form until, under her dark hair, the white robe with the stains on it seemed like a drifting cloud about her.

Then the man called again more loudly—"Ben-ma-brea!"

Guendolin turned to look back and saw that the man had risen to follow her, and then, from his weakness, fallen again and hurt his head. So she ran quickly, and fetched water and bathed it, and it took a long time to bring him back to consciousness, and just as he opened his eyes again, the Sun was sinking in the west. Then in the dulled, chilled air Guendolin's body faded from off her and disappeared; and the man was left alone.

Guendolin's Spirit had to go forth to wander again. But the wind caught it and blew it against the man's ear. And as he fell asleep on the ground where he had fallen, the Spirit whispered all the past history of Gunna Kill, and Guendolin.

The man hated Guendolin, and was glad she had faded away from his presence. No!

he would not marry her—as he had long wished to; she had been a false, cruel woman; it was just she should suffer—he cried aloud. And in deeper grief than before, Guendolin's Spirit was blown away by the west wind, and so for another year wandered homeless and alone.

The man nursed his anger against Guendolin, and repeated every day out aloud to himself the dream the poor little Spirit had whispered in his ear. But in spite of all this he found himself forgetting all the beautiful lady's wickedness, and remembering her beauty. He did not know that she had gone down into the depths of the sea and saved him from the mermaids. He thought the sea had washed him ashore, and that the strange lady had found him, and that she was only looking at him.

He had plenty of time to think, because he was building another boat, as his own

was lost; he worked hard at it, and on the morning of Mid-Summer's Day he got up early to do a long day's work at it. Who should he see standing by the boat, and smoothing the bows of it with her slim white hands, but the wicked, false Guendolin.

That's what he tried to call her, but the fairies flew about him and stopped him from speaking until the man's eyes had looked at the wicked Guendolin. And they whispered how Guendolin had dragged his body from the Sea Maids, and dragged it up through the deep sea and brought it to the shore, and with her lovely dark hair rubbed life back into it again.

Guendolin heard them, too, but she crouched down against the side of the boat and feared to look up, until she heard the man's voice saying—

"Ben-ma-brea."

Guendolin looked up and the man took

her hand, and the fairies led them over the sandy beach, up to the grassy hills, in which the Fairy Queen lived. Then the One who had been sent by the gods to Guendolin said—

"Guendolin, you are forgiven; in token your name shall be what the man has called you, 'Ben-ma-brea,' for the future, and your robe, stained with the blood of Gunna Kill, shall be taken from off you. And soon shall your spirit know Forgetfulness, and Rest."

The voice ceased, and the god's messenger floated away towards the Sun.

Then over Ben-ma-brea's head the Queen of the Fairies threw a glistening robe of gossamer spider's webs studded with dew, and about the feet of Ben-ma-brea her old wedding-robe dropped, and from its ring-like folds sprang up countless purple and white bells, which the Brownies rang by shaking their stalks. Folks call the bells

"Heather," now. And the Sun sank below the hill, but Ben-ma-brea's body did not melt away from her.

The fairies sang, and the Moon rose and let its golden ladder float across the dark blue sea until it reached the shore on which Ben-ma-brea stood with her bridegroom, the fisherman. When the last rung of the ladder reached the shore, the Spirit of Ben-ma-brea drifted over it, away, away, and only her cold white body lay upon the heather-bells that covered the sea-shore in her honour, and mournfully they rustled together and pealed her funeral knell.

And the man stretched himself beside the cold body of his bride, and his tears fell fast.

And on the threshold of the Golden Gate of Bliss, the Spirit of Ben-ma-brea lay and entreated the gods.

"Leave me here, trodden on by the feet

of all that enter, until my bridegroom comes and we enter into Rest together."

The gods had pity on the Spirit of Benma-brea, and allowed it to lie across the threshold and be trodden under foot of those that entered bearing the spirits of men in their arms.

The man, left with the body only of Benma-brea, wept long and sore, and sad it was that Guendolin, when she took her life, had but one more hour to live on earth and endure her misery. Sad to think of all the Spirit of Guendolin had endured, to win her body, to leave it so soon.

When the Sun arose, the man lifted the body of his dead bride into his arms and rushed with it into the sea, hoping to find Death also.

But from his arms the white body was torn, and changed into a snow-white bird that flew back to the sandy beach, which the

man swam back to, in order to catch the white bird.

For many years the man followed the white bird to and fro along the sea-shore, until his golden curls were white as the bird's breast feathers.

Then his Spirit drifted up the golden ladder one moonlight night to the gates of the Abode of Bliss. And from the threshold, rose the Spirit of his Ben-ma-brea and welcomed his Spirit, and together they entered into Rest — and Forgetfulness of all they would forget.

On Earth about his body the white bird hovered and cried, and the Fairy Queen had pity on the white bird, and the man's body changed into a mate for it. Together the white birds nested in the cliffs close by the dwellings of men, and followed the fisher-boats and showed the men where the fish basked beneath the waves.

And some folks called the white birds gulls, and some called them "The Fisherman's Friends," and no man dared to kill them or do them harm.

III

THE SEA MIST

THE WOOING OF WEILGEI

"YOUR feathers are as white as Neonin's throat," called the Seagull to his mate, as she crested a wave.

"Your voice is silvery as Neonin's when she sings," called the Seagull again, as his mate dipped below the wave.

. . . . .

"Who is Neonin?" asked Weilgi, the Sea King, as he swam close to the crystal roof of his sea world and overheard the Seagull's words.

"The loveliest and the sweetest maiden in the world," cried both the birds, as they rose into the air and flew away.

King Weilgi was annoyed; there were

several questions he wanted answered about Neonin. He had to go below to attend a meeting and to receive a deputation of pilchards, who wanted the Sea King to give leave to the Pilchard family to take their yearly swim along the coast. It was close on harvest time, and the rule has always been –

> "When the corn is in the shock,
> The fish are on the rock."

So there was no time to be lost.

"You may all come as soon as you answer me two questions. First—Who is Neonin? Second—Where does Neonin live?" replied Weilgi.

The pilchards backed out of the royal presence, their tails quivering with indignation, and they rose to the surface of the sea, and swam along in a crowd, their heads glinting amidst the rolling wavelets, and chirped shrilly—

"Who is Neonin?"

"Yurl Yrhian's daughter," sighed the West Wind.

"Where does she live?"

"Near to the Wrath's Hole," grunted a Diver as he swam close to the little silvery fishes.

They were too frightened to ask where that was. They sank into deep water, closely followed by the Diver, and swam as fast as they could to King Weilgi's palace. They were only just in time to escape the Diver; in fact, the last pilchard had a bite taken out of its tail as they all swam in through the front door. And that is why the pilchards' tails have had a piece out of them ever since. As you can see by that pilchard on the plate there, sir.

Breathless they entered King Weilgi's presence and panted—

"Yurl Yrhian's daughter;" and, "at the Wrath's Hole."

"Who is he? Where is it?" called out the King.

No reply. The pilchards were off, through the back door, for the Diver was waiting for them outside the other, and away to summon the Pilchard family to enjoy Weilgi's permission to swim along the coast.

"Where is the Wrath's Hole?" roared Weilgi to his courtiers.

Not one could answer him, so his anger waxed so great that Chancellor Whale fetched Queen-Mother Hyly out of the kitchen to soothe her son's wrath.

The old lady was busy making a seaweed salad for her son's supper, but she left it and swam to her son, untying her cooking-apron as she went, so as not to waste time.

"What is it?" she cried, fanning herself with her tail.

"I want to see Neonin, daughter of Yurl Yrhian, and no one can tell me where their

home is, except that it lies close by a place called Wrath's Hole."

"It's not on the coast," replied his mother. "Wait until the spring tides, then you can swim up the river with them."

"Calm yourself, my dear boy," she cried, as Weilgi lashed the palace floor with his massive tail. "I'll go and make you an omelette of sea urchin's eggs. And the mermaids shall dance for you. That will pass the time, and I'll ask the Moon to hurry up the spring tides. She'll do a lot to oblige me."

"She won't help me to find Neonin. She wants to marry me herself."

"I forgot that!" said the Queen-Mother, wringing her fat hands distractedly. "Well, well, there's nothing for it but patience. And plenty of good food."

"Bother food!" shouted Weilgi. "Send for my tailor."

By the time the high tides arrived King Weilgi had fretted himself so thin that his new clothes hung loosely about him ; and the tailor would have been drylanded as a punishment, if time and tide would have waited whilst Weilgi did it—which, luckily for the tailor, they would not.

King Weilgi artfully persuaded the Moon to light him on his perilous voyage past the rocky island, and beyond the harbour, and up the estuary, to the river Camel.

Not knowing why the King was journeying inland, the Moon cast her reflection on the water just above King Weilgi's head, until he paused at seeing some Maidens who were dancing by moonlight in a meadow that sloped to the water's edge.

The King's eyes singled out the tallest of the girls, with pale golden hair and a wreath of daisies about her head. Her gown swayed about her slender form as she danced like a

white cloud caught by a breeze; and her voice was sweeter than that of any mermaid.

"Neonin!" cried the Sea King.

"What do you know of her?" said the Moon. She was so angry that she hid under a cloud and made the tide turn; so Weilgi had to go with it, for to remain in fresh water would have killed a Royalty of the Sea Kingdom.

Fortunately this proceeding of the Moon's angered the Sun.

To punish her he left her in darkness for three nights, and only shone on her again when she promised not to interfere with the spring tides any more, and from that day to this she never has.

Several times after this King Weilgi went up with the high tides, accompanied by eleven young nobles of his court, and they all fell in love with Neonin's eleven maids-in-waiting—lovely girls, too, who danced

nightly with her in the meadow that sloped to the river brim.

They had no time to dance in daylight, for they were kept hard at work by Gwreghty, the wife of Yurl Yrhian and Neonin's mother.

On Monday they washed clothes.

On Tuesday they ironed clothes.

On Wednesday they made clothes.

On Thursday they made butter and cheese.

On Friday they baked.

On Saturday they brewed.

On Sunday they weren't allowed to dance.

And every evening and morning they milked the cows.

On Fridays, when they baked, as they made pasties Gwreghty used to say to them—

> "The one that a keenly pasty do make,
> For a keenly husband shall brew and bake."

So you may be sure each girl tried to shape her pasties well.

On Sunday the maidens, dressed in their best with fresh garlands on their heads, worshipped at the altar of Gwennar, the beautiful Goddess of Love, and prayed that she would send them "keenly" husbands.

Especially during harvest time were the pasties keenly made, when many youths came to help Yurl Yrhian in his harvesting, and at night the men, and maidens, danced together in the meadow sloping to the river's brim.

Seeing them all so gay in harvest time threw King Weilgi and his nobles into a fever of jealousy. Queen-Mother Hyly feared that they would die, and dosed them with porpoise oil, and put on razor-fish plaisters; but it did no good.

Then Queen-Mother Hyly packed cars full of presents to send them up the river

in charge of the Chief Dancing Mermaid; for as the lower classes could live in fresh water, as well as in salt, the old Queen thought the Mermaid should visit Yurl Yrhian and his wife, make rich presents to them, and make proposals for the hands of Neonin, and of her eleven Maids-in-Waiting, on behalf of the Sea King, and his eleven Nobles.

As all this would take some time, the Mermaid would have to live in the river Camel when the sea was at its ebb, and only the fresh river water furrowed the sand-banked passage of the river at low tide, when it looked like a dark-grey serpent coiled amidst the shining, yellow sand.

The Shrimps—who were the newspapers, very much better than ours, for they told the news—they were transparent grey little creatures with filmy feelers that hid amidst the ripples of the sea, for they were of the

same tint, or they clung to the waving walls of seaweed and overheard all that people said.

The Shrimps went and told the King as he lay in his oyster-bed.

"I shall go too," cried Weilgi.

"So will we!" cried his Nobles.

At that they all twelve got out of their oyster-beds, and refused to go back to them.

Chancellor Whale puffed and blowed and said—

"Pouff-f-f—only the lower orders can live in fresh water—Rouff Pouff——"

"Disgraceful, if true," cried his Majesty, swelling out his chest and twirling his heavy moustache that the little whitings supported on each side. Poor little creatures! As his Majesty twirled his moustachios they were spun round and round, and their pointed tails got into Chancellor Whale's eyes, for he was much shorter than the King.

"Disgraceful! Shall the meanest of my subjects possess a power denied to me? Never! Rather will I die in finding out the truth of that saying."

"Has any King ever tried to live in fresh water?"

The Cod Fishes were summoned as they were the greatest authorities on Fish lore; and the King put the question to them, whilst they listened with their dull eyes bulging out of their heads, and their turned-down mouths open.

"Has any King ever tried?" shouted Weilgi.

"No, Sire," said the chief of their tribe in a fat, husky voice, bending his short head.

"Then," said the King solemnly, "how does any one dare to say I cannot endure what even my dancing girls can?"

"My son—think of me. You are my only child," whimpered Queen-Mother Hyly,

picking up a flat plaice, and wiping her eyes upon it.

"Mother," said Weilgi, "if I cannot win Neonin for my Queen I shall die. Unless I go and live in the river I have no chance of winning her. I must take my chance."

"So will we," said the King's eleven Gentlemen-in-Waiting.

Then there was mourning amidst the aristocracy of the Sea world.

The King was very attentive to the Queen-Mother. He had no wish to annoy and vex her. He only wanted to be left alone to do what he wished; and, to oblige his mother, Weilgi ate as much turtle-soup as she wanted him to.

On the day of the departure of the King and his eleven Nobles, the Cuttle Fish stained all the front doors of the houses black, and the Mothers, Sisters, Cousins, and Aunts of the young men, lashed their tails until the

waves rolled overhead in dark purple, and white.

"They have gone to the Death," they all sobbed and moaned.

I do not say that King Weilgi felt no fear of death by fresh water; but I do say that he showed none.

The first moment that he breathed fresh water he felt giddy, and his nose smarted inside when he took breath; but he set his teeth and said to himself, "For Neonin."

Then with each breath he drew he gained strength—change of water was as good for the Sea King as change of air is for Earth folk.

The chief of the Dancing Mermaids was delighted, for she would have lost her life, had she taken back Weilgi's dead body to the Queen-Mother.

The cars of presents having also arrived, the King sent the Mermaid to call on Yurl

Yhrian and his wife; with instructions how she was to act, and what she was to say.

"Be quick, I pray you," said the King. "I dare not consider how I shall act if the Yurl refuses to let me see his daughter."

"Nor I—nor I—nor I—nor I," chorused eleven young Nobles.

. . . . .

All the household were at supper when the Mermaid called at the Yurl's Castle, and all were so merry after the harvesting that the Mermaid had to announce herself.

You may imagine how surprised the Castle people were when the door opened and in trotted six herons drawing a car of white coral, in which sat a lovely girl clad in a sea-green robe, over which fell her lovely orange-coloured hair, on which she wore a wreath of red starfish.

All stood up, but no one spoke; so the Mermaid had to announce her errand. It

was a little awkward, but she began by saying to Gwreghty—

"With so fair and lovely maidens, I am not surprised to see you surrounded by suitors for their hands."

She gazed fixedly on each of the youths in turn, who had been helping at the harvest.

As these young men were country louts, and too bashful to declare their intentions as yet, they blushed and opened their mouths, and hung their heads.

But no one spoke. So the Mermaid said to Yurl Yrhian—

"Will you send some servants to the riverside, where lies a car laden with presents for you, and some stores of provisions and sea cookery for your good wife, sent to you by King Weilgi.

"Whilst your attendants are fetching these presents, I have much to say to you both."

Yurl Yrhian tugged his beard, and looked

at his wife, who advanced stiffly to the beautiful Mermaid, and asked her to follow her to the parlour.

The herons' feet pattered like hail on the floor, as the Mermaid whipped them up and drove them across the dining-hall, and through the doorway. Yurl Yrhian was lost in amaze as he stalked slowly after the car.

Gwreghty sat in an armchair on one side of the fireplace, and her husband in the other on the opposite side; and the Mermaid sat in her car between them. And then she laid the proposal of her master for the hand of Neonin before them, laying great stress on his wealth and power.

"Where is his Majesty's kingdom?" asked Gwreghty, folding her fat little hands over her broad waist.

"Beneath the crystal roof you call the sea. In it are high mountains and deep valleys;

vast forests, and caves full of gold and silver treasures. Beneath the crystal roof we have neither rain nor cold, nor piercing winds nor snow."

"Do men really live below the sea?" asked Gwreghty.

"Not *mere* men. The Sea King Weilgi is more than a man."

Here the Mermaid handed his portrait to Gwreghty.

It was a fine portrait, and showed a dark, broad-shouldered man, with dark, stern eyes, but—the fish's tail was plainly painted.

"He is a fish!" exclaimed Gwreghty.

The Mermaid carelessly moved her robe, and the gleam of jewels ornamenting her fish tail flashed forth.

Gwreghty was so overcome by their magnificence that she forgot to object to the tail; whilst Yurl Yrhian was so struck with the Mermaid's lovely face, he noticed neither.

"He's a very nice-looking young man," said Gwreghty.

"His Majesty is very handsome. His moustache is so long, it takes three whiting on each side to support it. His tail ornaments are so valuable, that the price of one set would buy all Cornwall. And he has a thousand of them."

"Your daughter would be Queen, and wear a crown. And as eleven of the Sea King's Nobles have fallen in love with Neonin's Waiting Maids, your daughter would not be alone, if she became our Queen. They, of course, would be Ladies-in-Waiting to their Queen."

"Quite good enough for them," sniffed Gwreghty.

"Here are the portraits of the Nobles," said the Mermaid, laying them on the table. Whilst the King's portrait was enclosed in a golden frame ornamented with

diamond daisies, these had plain silver frames.

Gwreghty appreciated the difference.

"The Maidens had better see these pictures, and judge if they could like these gentlemen," said Yurl Yrhian timidly.

"Like them!" sniffed his wife; "look at their jewels!" She pointed a fat finger at their gorgeous tail ornaments.

"I think, madam, the Maidens may perchance admire and love these gentlemen," said the Mermaid gravely. "I can assure you that not even the King, much as he loves Neonin, will wish to marry either of them unless they do so."

"I'll see that they love them," said Gwreghty as she waddled to the door and called the Maidens in. All of them except Neonin, had been listening at the door and were prepared how to act.

On being shown the portraits of their

suitors after Gwreghty had repeated the Mermaid's proposals to them,

"Fishes!" they screamed, and fell fainting on to the floor.

Neonin alone stood quietly looking at King Weilgi's portrait. A smile dimpled her pink cheeks as she gazed.

"Your suitor is a King," said Gwreghty, taking no notice of the fainting Maidens.

At this the fainting fair ones jumped up with open mouths and cried—

"Oh !-h !-h !-h !-h !-h !-h !-h !-h !-h !"

"Your suitors are only Lords-in-Waiting," said Gwreghty to them. "If you accept them you will be Ladies-in-Waiting to my daughter. And if a Sea King is good enough for my daughter, Sea Men are good enough for you. What use would legs be to them in the sea? Tails, indeed—look at the jewels on them!"

Neonin looked down at her pink curled toes and said softly—

"Oh!"

"Take the portraits and go to bed. And be sure to wash your necks and clean your nails to-morrow morning."

With deep curtsies all retired. The Mermaid spoke only to Neonin, and gave her a shining jewel from amidst the splendid ornaments she wore on her fish tail.

"She will make a lovely Queen," said the Mermaiden.

"How can they meet?" exclaimed Neonin's mother.

"Bring your daughter, and her maids to the riverside to-morrow. I will arrange all that. But I hear your servants arriving with the King's presents, so I will carry to him your acceptance of them, and tell him he will see you to-morrow."

The Mermaid bowed gracefully, turned her team of herons, and rode out of the Castle, down the stone steps and away.

Alas ! the difficulty of how the poor King was to be seen by Neonin was greater than Gwreghty knew ; for royalty and aristocracy amongst the Sea Folk could only breathe under water. Only the common people could live on dry land for a short time. But the Mermaid proved herself equal to this difficulty.

When the Yurl and his wife appeared, attended by the twelve lovely Maidens, the tide was at its highest flow. The Mermaid bade them all kneel in a row, at the water's edge, and look into the water. They obediently knelt down, but each Maiden shut her eyes.

This gave the Sea Men time to arrange themselves, each before his ladylove. For each of the Nobles knew which of the Maidens he admired.

Neonin peeped first ; and liked King Weilgi's face so much, that she pinched the

maiden kneeling next to her until she opened her eyes, with precisely the same result, and pinched the maid next her, and so on to the end of the row.

Then by degrees each couple separated, the Maiden walking, the Sea Man swimming by her side—with his face under water, it is true. So they could not converse. But each liked looking at the other.

So quickly time flew, that when the Mermaid called the Maidens back to go home with the Yurl and his wife, they were all surprised to find that dinnertime had arrived.

When the Mermaid drove to the Castle after dinner was over, she found the Yurl and Gwreghty won over to the marriage by King Weilgi's handsome presents.

And the Maidens, by the handsome Sea Men themselves. All were willing to leave their own people and go to their Sea Men suitors.

The Mermaid looked very grave as she took Neonin's hand and kissed it; then spoke as follows :

" At present, dear ladies, I see no way that your weddings can take place, for you cannot live under water; nor can the Sea King and his Nobles live above it."

All the twelve Maidens burst into tears.

" But courage; to-morrow is the day, you worship at Gwennar's shrine. Pray to her to help you. And I will also entreat her aid."

The Mermaid then told them of the bravery of the King in daring to try to live in fresh water for the sake of Neonin, and of the courage of his Nobles in following him.

" As Fortune favoured his bravery, I am sure she will favour you if you are brave, lovely Neonin. And your Maids will, I am sure, as loyally follow you in any enterprise, as the Nobles did their King."

The Maidens dried their eyes, sniffed several times, and at last sobbed—

"We will."

"Unless, unless, they want us to cut off our feet," added the Maid who had the ugliest feet of them all.

"I should think you would be glad to get rid of yours," said Gwreghty; and at this the other Waiting Maidens laughed.

But Neonin kissed the one who had spoken, and led her away; for in her heart she, too, hoped they would none of them have to exchange their two feet for one fish's tail. Even if it were ornamented with precious jewels.

Gwennar, the beautiful goddess of Love, listened to the prayers of the Maidens, and in silvery tones bade them all appear at her altar on the following morning, however much they might feel afraid to do so.

"We shall not be afraid," said Neonin.

"Promise," said Gwennar's sweet voice.

"We will come," answered Neonin, promising for all.

Now Gwennar's kindness led her to think of a way to help the Earth Maidens, and the Sea Men.

You remember that Yurl Yrhian lived near the Wrath's Hole, and that it was full of the tears that Guendolin shed in grief for her part in the betrayal, and murder of the Wrath Gunna Kill.

There was great virtue in these tears; it was because of them that Gwennar had chosen to have one of her altars close by them; and the repentant tears of one woman were to be the means of happiness of many.

From the tears, salt as brine, that Guendolin had shed, Gwennar formed a cloud of mingled air, and water, in which both Earth Maidens, and Sea Men might live.

Nothing like it had been seen on Earth

before. Earth Folk drip with the water in it, in these days when they dwell in it awhile.

But Neonin, and her Waiting Maids knew not what it was; when, true to her promise, they wended their way to Gwennar's shrine the following morn.

"It is smoke; we shall be burnt!" cried the Waiting Maids.

"King Weilgi and your lovers dared as great danger for us," said Neonin firmly.

"There is no fire here, only smoke. Take deep breaths, and then run through it to Gwennar's shrine."

So the Maidens opened their mouths, shut their eyes, drew in deep breaths, joined hands, and followed Neonin into the smoke.

"It's not smoke!" exclaimed Neonin.

"No-o; it's quite cold and damp, and—and—we like it!" cried the trembling Maids.

"You don't speak as if you did," said Neonin.

"It's—a little—odd," they gasped, still holding each other's hands.

Then a light illumined the Cloud, and the Maidens all cried—

"Oh!" at sight of their lovely Mistress Neonin.

She was clad in a white gown heavy with pearls, and bright with diamonds, worked into patterns of daisies. For *Neonin* meant *daisy;* it was her flower. On her head was a crown of daisies worked in diamonds and pearls, each flower upstanding amid outstretched leaves.

Then they looked at each other and cried—

"Oh!" again. For each Maiden had on a pale yellow gown worked with silver in the pattern of daisies, and each wore a wreath of those flowers entwined with their leaves, but made of precious stones in tints and colours to look like the real flowers.

Then the Cloud was filled with perfume: to each it seemed her favourite one—Rose, Lily, Lilac, May blossom; so each was satisfied.

Then, amid the perfume and the light, the goddess Gwennar appeared to the eyes of the Sea King, and his Nobles, who entered the Cloud at that moment.

Each as he gazed at the goddess of Love saw her differently.

To one she seemed to be tall, to another short; to this one slender, to that one plump. To one her nose seemed aquiline, to another straight; to one her lips seemed full and curved, to another thin. To each the goddess was his idea of beauty in Woman.

Then her voice fell on their ears, and all agreed in this: that it seemed full, yet low-toned and gentle. So sweet was it that at first the Sea Men listened to the sound only, and heeded not the words. But by

degrees the meaning of them grew plain to them.

Each of the Sea Men were seated in cars of silver, drawn by sea birds.

King Weilgi sat in one drawn by doves, but his car was of crystal. Each car was of the size to hold two; as yet there was a vacant seat in each.

As Gwennar spoke the birds drew the cars close to the goddess, and in a moment King Weilgi found Neonin seated at his side, and each of his nobles found the maiden he loved best, seated by his side. Gwennar gave to each of the bridegrooms one of her own long golden hairs, and bade each of them bind the hair about the third finger of his bride's left hand.

"As long as you each love the other the hair will remain golden, but as your love dies the hair will turn grey, next to white, and fall off. Then much ill will happen; but I hope

to the last day of your lives each wife's ring will be a golden one."

"Hear! hear!" cried Yurl Yrhian, who, with Gwreghty, had arrived in time to hear Gwennar speak.

Then Gwennar bid the feast begin, and all drew up to the tables set for them. The Queen-Mother Hyly was there, and she became great friends with Gwreghty, as they told of the illnesses they had nursed their children through, whilst Yurl Yrhian found a friend in Chancellor Whale.

What a Feast it was! Every delicacy both Sea and Earth produced—Whiting *blanc manges*, Sea Anemone curry, Lance pies, Conger Eel pasties; and the lobsters hurried about waiting at the tables, and blushed themselves red, they hurried so much.

Then the crabs brought in baskets of valuable presents for Yurl Yrhian from each of the bridegrooms, to make up for

the loss of the Maidens' help in house, and dairy.

At last the moment came for the brides to leave their friends, and go away with their bridegrooms.

There were tears at first, but Gwennar kissed Neonin on her eyelids, and her tears ceased to flow as the thoughts of King Weilgi filled her heart; and each of the other brides ceased crying when their Queen did.

Then the Cloud rose from the Earth, and drifted towards the Sea, bearing in it all the Sea Folk, and the Earth Maidens, leaving Yurl Yrhian, and Gwreghty, in the midst of their presents; and the tables on which were strewn the remains of the Feast in the valuable golden, and crystal dishes.

Gwreghty began packing them together to take home with her; and Yurl Yrhian, as he saw that the Wrath's Hole was dry, said—

"It's a capital stone quarry. "I'll build a new storehouse at once to keep them in."

Wonderful tales the Yurl, and his wife, told of their daughter's and their Waiting Maids' marriages, and folks disbelieved them.

Until after they both died.

Then the mysterious White Cloud drifted in from the Sea, bearing in its midst Queen Neonin, King Weilgi, and their sons, and daughters, to attend the funeral of Neonin's parents.

And the Lords, and Ladies, in Waiting came too, but their children were all left in Weilgi's kingdom.

The Earth Folk ventured into the Cloud at hearing sound of song, and music, and Neonin welcomed them graciously.

And kissed the maidens on their cheeks, so that they blushed rose-red; and she laid her gentle fingers on their foreheads, and their eyes shone like pearls, with diamond

lights amid the darkness of them, or the greyness, or blueness, according to the colour. So that the fame of the White Cloud waxed and grew, and all that Gwreghty, and Yurl Yrhian, had told them was now believed.

As the years rolled on, the White Cloud came oftener to the Earth and rested upon it; and men named it the Sea Mist. For ever it drifted in from the Sea, and returned thither.

. . . . .

You'll see for yourself, sir, the story is true, for ever since, Maidens' complexions are lovelier when they walk in the Sea Mist. Gwennar left this gift to the Earth Maidens, in memory of the good Sea Queen Neonin.

You'll notice the girls who live along the sea-coast have rosy cheeks, and eyes, bright, clear, yet deep in colour like the sea. It's because the Sea Mist drifts inland often.

Here's a bunch of the flower we call

"Love in a Mist" for you, Missie; and here's a bunch of daisies too.

Yes, sir—as you say, sir—there's a sight of truth in Auld Master's Stories.

IV

MOYAR DIU

GOLOW & THE WISE WOMAN

"THE old name for Blackberries, sir, is Moyar Diu. They don't grow well but in the lanes and hedges, sir, where every poor child can gather them. Auld Master told me a story about that, sir, once: that and something else. You'd like to hear it, sir and missie? Very well."

. . . . .

"Why climb over the wall? Better far for you is it, to dwell with the rest of our family within the Emperor's garden," said the old Vine to an unruly branch, who made answer,

"I would carry my grapes to those who cry without the walls."

"It's only the poor folks crying," said the Vine.

"Only!" exclaimed the branch, as it dug its tendrils into the crumbling stones, and climbed steadily upwards, and over, until its leaves and grapes were within sight and reach of the bustling mob in the dusty street below.

But not long were the poor, allowed to enjoy the kindness of the Vine branch. The Emperor had it cut down, and burned in the street, as a warning to the rest of his Vine branches; to keep their fruit, and beauty, within his garden walls.

One grape alone escaped the fire, and that was trodden under foot by the crowd that had eaten of the fruit of the Vine branch, and gloried in its beauty.

Of the grape nothing remained but four grape stones, which a Wise Woman picked up out of the dust, for she alone understood the virtue they possessed. The Woman placed the four stones in the hollow of her

thumb ring, and on the wings of the East Wind, travelled Westward across the seas, to a faraway land.

The East Wind dropped the Wise Woman on the summit of a grey, rocky hill that towered above the forest trees that surrounded it.

. . . . . .

The forest stood at the Northern, and landward end, of a long stretch of valley-land that ran between precipitously rising hills towards the sea, which was many miles away. The valley broadened out as it neared the far-off sea. The highlands that flanked the Eastern, and Western sides of the valley, stretched away towards the rise, and set of sun, in rolling plains and gently undulating hills, watered by streams, by the side of which flocks of cattle, and sheep grazed. Great forests also grew on the highlands, and climbed up the hillsides, and

grew down to the water's edge. And in these forests men hunted the wolf, and lynx, the deer, the polecat, and many other animals; and chief amongst the hunters was the young Prince of the Western Highlands, Prince Hellier. His dwelling was a cottage that faced the rising sun; for the Prince was a poor man.

In the midst of the valley, beyond the forest that surrounded the grey, rocky hill, built by the side of a lake, which reflected in its still depths the blue sky overhead; rose a dark, and gloomy castle, over which a large, and evil bird hovered, dark in colour, and having a strong beak, and cruel claws.

The bird watched for the coming, and going, of a white dove; that twice daily winged its way from Prince Hellier's cottage on the Western heights, to a palace that glistened in the rays of the setting sun, that was built upon the Eastern Highlands.

This white dove, the dark bird pursued on its journeys to, and fro, across the green and smiling valley-land—pursued, and at the last caught it, and tore its life from it. One blood-stained feather only, a fairy, riding on a car of thistledown, caught, and bore it whither the bird should have flown.

To the imprisoned Princess Golow. Orphaned and alone in the world, save for her brother Duryan, King of the Eastern Highlands.

King, yet a slave—slave to his wife, the crafty Queen Frig. So that his little sister Golow had none of his protection.

Queen Frig wanted the little Princess to marry Strifor, who reigned over the valley-land, and who lived in the dark castle by the shining lake.

The Princess Golow loved, and was beloved by, the hunter Prince, who lived in the cottage on the Western heights.

Because of his poverty, Frig would not let Golow wed with him, and shut her up in the turret-room in Duryan's palace, and tried to starve her, to make her submit to marry Strifor.

There was in this room no window; but there was a hole high up in the wall, and through this flew daily the white bird.

It bore beneath its wing a magic fruit, which Prince Hellier tied there; and the which eating, the Princess Golow was by it kept alive, and well. All day the bird remained with Golow, winging its way back to Prince Hellier at set of sun.

Strifor had seen the messenger of the lovers, and had caused his evil, dark bird to pursue it, until it was slain. Then he sent word to Queen Frig.

She flew into a rage because she had not noticed the white messenger, and she had the heads of three of her servants cut

off because they had not told her. She climbed up the stairs to the turret-room, where poor little Golow sat sobbing over the bloodstained feather, feeling very cold, hungry, and thirsty. Her lovely hair was all matted, her face and hands grey with dust, and her gown too.

Frig took no notice of her, but called a servant and bade him fill up the hole in the wall.

"Now she will give in," said Frig to Duryan as they sat at supper that evening.

Two days, and nights, Frig left Golow alone. Then again she climbed the turret stair, and found the little Princess stretched out on the floor; stiff, and cold.

Frig was frightened, as she wanted to marry Golow, not to kill her. So she dragged her downstairs, and into her own room, and put her into her own bed. She fed the Princess with wine, and put smell-

ing salts to her nose, and hot bricks to her feet, until at last Golow opened her eyes.

"Will you marry King Strifor?" asked Frig. "Prince Hellier is dead; a savage beast has killed him."

Golow fainted, without being able to say a word.

"Silence gives consent," said Frig; and she set about ordering the wedding clothes.

Golow was too sad, and weak, to resist Queen Frig, now that Prince Hellier was dead; so she made no objection when she found that she was to marry King Strifor within a week.

She was now stronger, and able to walk in the palace gardens daily. One day, as she lay on a golden couch, with grapes and peaches growing close to her, so that she could gather them easily, she heard sounds of blows and cries.

"It's on the other side of the wall,"

thought Golow. And she ran to a little gate in the wall and peeped through, and she saw Queen Frig's servants beating an old woman.

"Stop!" cried Golow to the servant. "Come here!" she said to the old woman.

The poor creature hobbled up to the gate, and Golow gave her a peach, which she had been just going to eat herself.

The old woman took it in her skinny hand, and said—

"Do you love Strifor?"

"I hate him!" cried Golow. "I would have died rather than marry him, if my dear Prince Hellier were still alive."

"Who told you that he was not?"

"Queen Frig. And the white bird is dead. See—this blood-stained feather. They left me to starve, and I lay down to die, but when I awoke I found myself in Queen Frig's bed. And she said Hellier was dead.

I fainted, and was very ill. When I was better, I found everything arranged for the marriage. I shall not live long; I shall soon die, as my dear, dear Prince has."

Then the little Princess sobbed bitterly.

"Softly, softly," said the old woman. "Frig sent and told Prince Hellier you were now willing to marry the King of the Valley. That you were no longer in love with him. The Prince is not dead, and Queen Frig has lied to you both."

"This is dreadful," cried Golow. "Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Prince Hellier sent me to see if it were true you loved Strifor, and were to wed him."

"I hate him. I never will marry him," said Golow, sobbing. "I will run away."

"Where?" asked the old woman.

"Out into the world," said the Princess.

The old woman laughed, and waved the peach Golow had given to her, and said—

"I am not a beggar; I am a Wise Woman. I felt not the blows, and only cried out to see if your heart was tender towards those in trouble. If you had not come to my help, I could not have been of any use to you. But as you were kind, and rescued me from the servant, and gave me this"—holding up a shining stone. "Yes, I have turned the peach into this. Take it. And to-night throw yourself out of your bedroom window when the moon rises over those hills."

"My window is so high."

"Then marry Strifor."

"No! I would rather be killed. I will do as you tell me."

"Put the stone into the bosom of your gown," said the old woman.

And whilst Golow did this the Wise Woman disappeared.

II

Princess Golow was very frightened when she climbed out of her bedroom window, and stood upon the stone ledge just as the moon rose above the dark hills, and hung in the deep blue of the summer sky above her.

Golow shut her eyes, stretched out her fingers, and jumped off the stone ledge, expecting to be dashed to pieces upon the rocks below.

What was her surprise to find the bright stone stretching above and about her, and bearing her over King Strifor's Valley, above the tree-tops, on, on, until she found herself standing on a grey rocky hill, with Prince Hellier by her side.

It was a joyous meeting. For a time all else was forgotten; but the Wise Woman had to remind Prince Hellier that he had a journey before him.

"Oh!" cried Golow, tears filling her pretty eyes.

"Dear Princess, I forgot, in the joy of seeing you, that I must go to ask the Sea King Weilgi to come to our rescue. Duryan, and Strifor, will both soon be here with their armies to try to carry you back again."

"They don't know where I am," said the little Princess.

"The dark bird hovering over King Strifor's Castle will tell them. He is one of the spirits of darkness, and of great power. I doubt if I could cope with him," said the Wise Woman.

The shining car in which the Princess Golow had floated through the air was hovering close to where Prince Hellier stood, and gradually enveloped him, until he seemed to Golow to be enclosed in a big bubble, but one that she could not break so as to get near to the Prince.

"Prince Hellier!" she cried; but in spite of her outstretched hands the shining globe-shaped car floated far up into the air, and away with the Prince inside it.

Princess Golow sank on to the ground and wept bitterly, until she had no more tears left to weep. The Wise Woman took no notice of her, for she had much to do to keep the little Princess safe until help came from the great Sea King.

If King Weilgi could not come in the Sea Mist and hide the grey rocky Mount, so that neither Strifor nor Duryan could find it, the Wise Woman thought that he would send the lovely Queen Neonin to her aid. Whose heart was tender and kindly towards all Earth Maidens who were pure and gentle, as she had been herself.

But before help could reach them, the Wise Woman had a difficult task to keep Golow.

From the hollow of her thumb-ring the Wise Woman took one of the grape-stones that she had picked out of the dust, when the kindly Vine branch had been burnt for the giving of its beauty, and fruit, to the poor and needy.

These stones she could only use to help one who had pitied poverty and suffering, as the Vine branch did ; and as the little Princess had pitied the poor old creature, that the Wise Woman had seemed to be.

The stone she dropped on to the grey bare rock, and instantly it was clothed with a mantle of green leaves, studded with white starry flowers, the leaves, and flowers, growing on thick brambles. The brambles curved over the little Princess, who was crying so bitterly that she took no notice of what the Wise Woman had been doing to protect her.

How long the Princess sat mourning for

the departure of Prince Hellier I do not know. But she was roused by hearing a voice say—

"The Grey Rock is hidden behind these green leaves, and white flowers. You must climb it, and find the Princess and bring her back. I will return and tell Strifor, the Valley King, to expect her soon. I hear her crying."

The voice was the voice of Queen Frig, and the Princess cowered in the shelter of the rocks and ceased to weep.

"You are quite safe," said the Wise Woman, taking the little Princess's hand. "Look out."

Princess Golow opened her eyes, and found herself hidden by the green leaves and protected by the sharp thorns of the bramble. She gained courage to look out as she was bidden, and saw one of Strifor's soldiers climbing the side of the Grey Rock.

The man made little progress, for the thorns caught his clothes, and trapped him,

and cut into his hands as he grasped the brambles. So he lay crying for help, but no help was given to him.

There he lay, and the Wise Woman threw the second grape-stone upon the Grey Rock, and the white flowers disappeared and green berries took their place.

The Princess asked—

"Why did you take away the flowers?"

The Wise Woman said—

"Wait, and watch."

After a time there was a clatter of horse's hoofs, and Queen Frig's voice was heard crying out to the man to ask, why he had not brought the Princess home.

The man called back—

"I am held fast by thorns. I cannot move."

Queen Frig looked at the grey Mount covered with green leaves, and with green berries. The white flowers had gone. She

picked some of them, and rode off in a hurry to Strifor.

"There is enchantment at work on the Grey Rock. Your soldier is held fast by evil spirits and cannot move. Send soldiers to the forest, and when they see a mass of green leaves and green berries they will know the rock is there of which the dark bird told us. I am too tired to go any more until I have slept."

Queen Frig knew not of the thorns, which were hidden by the leaves.

Then Strifor sent two soldiers to search for the little Princess, with orders to climb the rock hidden by green leaves, and green berries.

But the Wise Woman, as soon as Queen Frig had gone away, threw the third grape-stone against the Grey Rock.

And the green berries changed to red ones, and the leaves turned red also. So that it seemed a hill of blood.

Presently Strifor's soldiers came into the forest, and saw the hill of blood, and their comrade held fast at the foot of it crying for help.

The two men were so frightened that they hastened back to Strifor, saying—

"There is a hill, blood-red, and our comrade is held there by evil spirits, and calls for help."

"What?" cried Queen Frig, putting her head out of the palace window, on the Eastern Hills. "A blood-red hill? It is green, I tell you, with green berries. You lie, scoundrels, and shall die!"

"Hold!" said King Duryan, as Frig was rushing down into the valley, with a sword in her hand, to kill the two soldiers.

Queen Frig was so surprised to hear Duryan speak that she stood still. And by that time Strifor had climbed up to the

highlands from his castle in the valley, followed by his men.

"The men say that the hill is red. You, my Queen, first said it was covered with green leaves and white flowers; then you said green leaves, and green berries. Which story is true?" said Duryan.

"It changed," said Frig humbly, quite frightened at Duryan's stern voice.

"It may have changed again. These men may be speaking the truth," said Duryan. "I will go myself and see. Will you, my Queen, and you, King Strifor, come with me?"

"It is enchanted," they both said, not offering to move.

"Are you afraid?" asked Duryan, who was not a coward, except at his own fireside.

"No," said Frig, trembling.

"Not I," cried Strifor, puffing out his chest and strutting up and down.

So all three mounted on horseback and rode off, followed by their armies, the two soldiers riding close by Duryan.

Now by this time the Wise Woman had thrown the fourth grape-stone on to the rock, saying to Golow—

"I am sure you are hungry, child."

"I am indeed," sighed the little Princess.

"Then eat these," said the Wise Woman, holding a bunch of shining black berries to Golow.

"How delicious!" exclaimed the Princess; and she ate until her red lips were black with the juice of the berries.

Meanwhile the two Kings, with Queen Frig, the two soldiers and the united armies, had entered the forest, and rode on in search of the green hill, or the red hill. But they saw neither.

"I see a golden hill with black spots on it," said Duryan, the King of the Eastern Hills.

For to this the Wise Woman had changed it.

"The gold is the yellow of the leaves, the black spots are berries," said Frig, the Queen. She got off her horse and picked some of the berries.

"Delicious!" she cried, even as the little Princess had cried, and she gave a bunch to King Strifor.

But the Wise Woman made this bunch taste like castor oil, a drink that Strifor hated.

He spat them out; and seized his sword, and cut Queen Frig's head off.

At this the little Princess, who was peeping out, was so delighted she called out—

"Oh! oh! I am glad, I am glad!"

"That's the voice of Golow," said Strifor. "Now I will marry her."

He rode nearer to the Grey Rock with its

mantle of gold studded with glistening black berries.

"That you shall not," said King Duryan sternly. "I have been a coward, but now that you have rid me of my crafty wife, Queen Frig, I am a coward no longer. You shall not marry my sister Princess Golow."

"I will," thundered King Strifor. "I will get torches to burn the golden-leaved magic bramble; so will I reach the Princess."

"Help! help!" cried the soldier held prisoner by the bramble thorns.

The two soldiers who had seen the blood-red hill ran forward to release their comrade, but they too were caught and held fast by the thorns; and they too called loudly for help.

Seeing this, and frightened by the cries of the three soldiers, the armies of King Strifor and King Duryan turned and ran away, some back to the dark castle by the shining

lake in the smiling valley-land. And Strifor rode fast after them, trying vainly to recall them.

Duryan rode after his men, up to the Eastern heights. Now Duryan rode after his men to bring them back to fight Strifor. And the soldiers were quite willing to fight in the valley, as long as they were not wanted to go near the Magic Rock any more. So in the valley the two armies met, but they did not fight. And I must tell you why they did not.

Strifor found that his army refused to carry torches back into the forest, to the Golden Hill; they were full of fear.

Then the dark bird that hovered over the grey castle in the valley, flew to Strifor, and said he would fight the Wise Woman who lived on the Grey Rock, and who had worked spells to keep the Princess Golow from being his bride, and that he would find

the Princess, and carry her to the valley in his strong claws.

The Wise Woman, watching anxiously from the top of the Grey Rock midst the forest, saw the dark bird flying towards it.

"If I only had a single feather of the white bird, I could fight the cruel dark one that killed it," she said to herself. But Golow heard her, and pulled the blood-stained white feather out of her pocket and cried joyfully, "Here is the one that drifted through the hole in the wall, when the white bird came no more. Alas! alas! that my pretty bird was killed."

"Be glad of it," said the Wise Woman. "The cruel dark bird, in killing the white bird, provided me with the means of protecting you a while longer."

She took the white feather and bent it into a little pill, and swallowed it. Then the Wise Woman changed into a fiery

dragon, and flew forth to do battle with the wicked dark bird. So that the two armies, instead of fighting, dropped their arms and stared up at the fearsome sight in the air above them.

Night came on; but mid the darkness the fiery dragon flashed light around as it flew hither, and thither, and guarded the Grey Rock from the approach of the dark bird. Not until the rising sun dimmed the dragon's fiery light, did the strife cease.

The evil dark bird had wounded the dragon, and it had only strength to fly back to the Grey Rock before it turned unto the Wise Woman again.

"Your arm is bleeding," cried the little Princess, piteously.

But the Wise Woman only stared anxiously southwards down the Valley.

The dark bird was burnt and tired, and was resting on the grey roof of King Stri-

for's Castle. Sure of victory the next time he went to steal the Princess for his master, he could afford to wait.

Strifor and his men were busy feasting, celebrating the defeat of the fiery dragon; whilst Duryan led his army up to the Eastern Hills to get breakfast, before they decided what next to do.

Duryan saw that the little Princess was safe for the present. After breakfast he hoped he should have thought of how to help her. Watching the feasting in the valley below, as he ate, he felt his army would only have to slay drunken men. But this he did not like to do, if he could take his sister back to his Castle without, for there he knew he could defend her.

Meanwhile Duryan and his soldiers fed and rested; and the sun rose higher in the heavens, whilst the dark bird slept on the

Castle roof, and the Wise Woman watched anxiously from the top of the Grey Rock.

"We are saved," she breathed at last, as she pointed out to the little Princess a grey, moving cloud, at the far-off entrance of the Valley, that bordered on the sea.

Princess Golow did not ask any questions; she was content to know they were saved.

She drew close to the Wise Woman, and gazed at the grey cloud that was spreading over the green valley-land, from the Eastern, to the Western Heights. Nearer it drew, and as the sun shone on it, it turned to a sea of gold, that flashed and rose higher, and drew nearer and nearer, silent as dawn.

King Strifor's grey Castle, with the evil dark bird slumbering on its roof, was blotted out; the shining lake was lost in the golden sea, which had flowed over the drunken soldiers, and over King Strifor, rolled on to

the mighty forest that surrounded the Grey Rock.

The trees fell crashing amid the flood, that rose higher and higher, drowning the three men caught by the bramble thorns at the foot of the Grey Rock—around it and beyond; and then the Sea King Weilgi, borne amidst the waters of his kingdom, bade them flow no further.

Golden amid the golden sea rose the Grey Rock—grey no longer.

The little Princess laughed and clapped her hands, and gathered the blackberries that grew amid the golden leaves, for she wanted her breakfast badly.

The Wise Woman watched her, and bade her look once more out upon the golden sea.

A fleet of golden and silver ships were gliding over it, borne by the King's sea-horses, with white flowing manes that curled

against the golden, and silver sides of the ships.

On they came, until they formed a crescent in front of the Golden Mount. And in the midst was one ship more glorious than the rest, and on its deck sat Neonin, the lovely Sea Queen, and at her feet upon the deck lay the Prince Hellier.

Then the Sea Mist drifted in, so that the great Sea King could leave the water and sit at his beautiful wife's side; whilst their children clustered about their feet.

Then the Wise Woman took the little Princess Golow's hand, and in a moment they too were on the deck of the golden ship, and Prince Hellier standing by Golow's side.

And there the marriage was celebrated; and great gifts gave the Sea King to the bride.

"For ever shall the sea dwell above the

Valley, and the Mount rise amidst the waters, said Weilgi. So for ever shall Good rise above Evil and destroy it; as my kingdom has destroyed King Strifor and his evil dark bird and his army," he continued. "And now I must leave the Bay I have given you, and near which I hope you will live happily the rest of your lives."

"And I must go with my husband, and you with yours," said the gentle Queen Neonin, waving her hand.

At her bidding a silver ship was borne close to the golden one, and the little Princess felt herself kissed on the cheeks and eyelids; and when she opened her eyes again, she and Prince Hellier were being borne along to the Western Hills, where the Prince's cottage nestled amid the woods.

And far off the silvery Sea Mist curled itself from off the golden sea, the King

and Queen and all their train hidden by it, as they floated seawards.

The Wise Woman had gone too; her work there was finished, but she left the magic bramble golden on the Mount, with the shining black berries.

Year by year the wonder worked. The Mount showed first green, with the white flowers shrouding it; then green with green berries; then red leaves and red berries; lastly yellow leaves and black berries. Just as they are to-day, Missie, and Sir; and Prince Hellier told his children the story I have just told to you.

Yes, the leaves are red, and yellow too; when the berries are black I know. Things change a bit. The blackberries grow now all over the land; but, as I say, best in the hedges. But that was the beginning of them.

Here's a basket of them for Missie to take home, with red leaves covering the black berries, and yellow leaves mixed with them.

"Did they live happy ever after? Of course they did; they were never rich though, Prince Hellier had to hunt to get—

> "A rabbit-skin,
> To wrap Princess Golow's baby in,"

you may be sure.

And Duryan?

He lived on the Eastern Hills, and took care not to let his next wife make a coward of him.

So that's what the Auld Master told me about the blackberries; and likewise about how Mount's Bay was made. 'Tis time to get the book, sir.

V

RÔS, FLOUR HY HYNSE

ROSS' BEACON

THIS, in the old talk, means "Rose, flower of her sex."

Rose was her name, and her admirers added the rest.

The stranger from beyond the seas who was soon to be the husband of Rose, wrote a song in her praise in his own language, and after each verse, as a refrain, he sang, "Rôs, flour hy hynsé."

Which showed how much he loved Rose; for he had a contempt for the Cornish tongue, and for the Cornish people, the only exceptions being Rose, and the refrain of his song in her praise—so at least Rose believed. But others thought that her farm,

lands, and her being the chief heiress on the banks of the Tamar, had all the admiration; and that as the owner of these, Rose had to be won.

Rose blushed each time she heard the refrain of the song, and her curling brown lashes rested on her delicately pink cheeks. Her lover looked handsome as a picture, with his curling dark locks, his bold black eyes, and his velvet attire—so handsome, that Rose may be pardoned for believing him to be as gallant as he seemed.

In vain her old godmother, who lived across the water, warned her Florion was a stranger of whom nothing was known.

Rose was as obstinate as she was silly, as silly as she was young, and as young as she was pretty. And when I tell you she was the prettiest maid in the Duchy, you will be able to judge that she was the silliest, and most obstinate.

She was also as tender-hearted as she was pretty, and that makes her worthy of a story all to herself.

Hecca Hellier, the young hunter from Mount's Bay, hated the stranger; so also did Nagonan, Rose's dog. They hated Florion as much as they loved Rose; and I can't say more than that.

"Why don't you tell Rose you love her?" asked Rose's old godmother.

"I'm too rough for her to care for me, Dama Widden," [1] answered Hecca.

Every one called the old woman Dama Widden.

"Um," grumbled the old woman, patting the ground with her ebony stick. "Folks say, 'Too long a tongue, too short a hand, but——"

[1] Dama Widden, "white mother," from the white hair of an old woman. Grandmother.

Here she raised her stick and shook it at Hecca, as she continued impressively—

"The man that has no tongue, loses his land."

"I don't want land," said Hecca angrily.

"You don't love Rose enough to forget that she is rich, and that you are poor."

"I should not love her if I took advantage of her love to make myself rich."

"Nonsense! You're proud, lazy, and love yourself more than any one else. Oh, I'll prove it.

"You're too proud, to bear to hear folks say that you married a wife for her riches.

"You're too lazy, to dress yourself smartly, and improve your manners, and try to amuse Rose.

"And you love yourself most, because you let your pride, and laziness stand between you and Rose." The old woman paused for breath, then cried—

"What, going?"

"Yes, going away. Give this to Rose when winter comes."

Hecca flung a cloak of otter skins on the cottage floor, and strode down the garden, got into his boat, pushed off, and rowed out to one of the ships in the harbour, climbed on board it, and sailed down to the open sea and away to make his fortune, and to forget Rose.

"What fools, nice men are," laughed the old woman, as she put the otter-skin cloak across her old white donkey's back, climbed up herself, and hit it with her ebony stick gently.

It went off at a gallop, swam the Tamar, and was soon along the road up the hill, that led to Rose's farm.

As the old dame entered the town-place, [1]

[1] Farmyard.

her bushy eyebrows met in a frown to see Florion poking the fat sides of the pigs, as though they were already his own, whilst Rose stood unheeded by him at his side.

"If thee cussen't scheemy, theest must louster,[1] folks say," quoted the old dame.

"Your *shiner*[2] will never need to louster, Rose."

Rose looked up, startled; she had not heard the donkey's hoofs.

"Dama Widden, Dama Widden, how glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed.

"Why do you call her grandmother, when she is no relation to you?" asked Florion haughtily.

Rose was too astonished at her gallant

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[1] "If you can't scheme or plan, you must labour."

[2] Sweetheart.

lover's rude manner and words to reply. The old woman did so for her.

"'Soft, and fair,
Sweet sir, goes far.'

"Every one calls me Dama Widden; it suits my white hair."

Rose was helping her godmother to alight, and took the fur cloak off the donkey's back.

"What a lovely one!" cried the girl, rubbing her soft pink cheek against the otter skin.

"Hecca Hellier left it for me to give a girl," said Dama Widden.

Rose put it quickly back upon the donkey's back; and Dama Widden chuckled to herself as she leaned heavily on her stick.

Rose gave instructions to one of her servants to look after the donkey, and offered her arm to the old woman to help her indoors.

"I knew the way into the farmhouse

before your father was born, child. You go with your fine *shiner*."

Rose's eyes filled with tears at her godmother's scornful words; and she looked at her lover, but he was striding across the townplace, in the direction of the fields beyond the farm, that lay along the waterside.

Quick as a swallow she darted after him, her figure lissome as a tamarisk wand, and her cheeks pink as its blossoms; her eyes pale as the periwinkle flowers that grew over the hedges, and her hair yellow as the cowslips.

"Send the old hag away," was Florion's greeting to his sweetheart.

"I can't be unkind to her," Rose pleaded timidly.

Florion cut the tops off the grasses angrily with his cane, but he said nothing more.

"Time enough when I'm married," he thought. Then aloud—

"Do not forget to pile the bonfire high that is to guide my ship home, Rose. I shall be back before the end of March, in time for our wedding to be in what you call the 'Primrose Month.'"

"I will do anything you want, except be unkind to Dama Widden," answered Rose, grateful for her lover's condescension in ordering her what she was to do during his absence.

Florion had to sail away over seas to bid farewell to his people, and bring over his wealth, he said.

But only Rose believed him, although every one was glad he was going away before the wedding, and no one sought to prevent him. Rose would have liked to, but she did not know how.

"I want my supper," was Florion's next remark; so obediently Rose turned homewards with her sulky lover.

The heart of no man would have held out against Dama Widden, whilst eating the dishes she had prepared for Rose's lover. Florion's cheeks puffed out, and his eyes shone, as his red, thick lips closed over the steaming morsels.

"You may stay and cook for me," he said amiably to the old Dame.

She tapped the hearthstone loudly with her stick as she sat by the fireside.

> "'Speak little,
> And speak well;
> But to speak little is best,'"

was her reply.

"Remember that yourself, old hag," snarled Florion; turning on his heel, and stamping up the stairs to his bedroom, the door of which he slammed.

Rose, silly child, cried piteously, because he had not bid her good-night, whilst Dama

Widden patted her bent head and bade her not to notice a man's vagaries.

"He'll smile at breakfast time, when he sees what I'll cook for him," she said.

"I don't see what your cooking has to do with his smiles, Dama Widden. He is vexed with you for telling him that 'to speak little was best.'"

"A woman can say what she likes if she's a good cook," said Dama Widden; but she made no further attempt to soothe little Rose's distress; she seemed pleased that she should cry herself to sleep.

Dama Widden's prophecy about Florion's smiles was fulfilled. But Rose thought the kind looks were for her, whilst the old woman knew it was the delicious breakfast she had cooked.

Florion was to sail away that morning, and Rose's smiles were faint, and her tears near to falling on her cheeks, and she could eat

nothing; but Florion did not notice this. He gobbled his breakfast as quickly as he could, jumped up, kissed Rose, smiled on the serving folk, and was down the hill and off before Rose realised he had gone.

"'Smiles, and no money,
Are to servers, as lamb without mint,'"

grumbled Dama Widden.

"True, true," cried Rose's servants.

But Rose did not hear—she was running as fast as she could after her lover to bid him goodbye. But she was too late—the boat had rowed off before she reached the shore.

This fact, did not make the weeks of waiting any happier for Rose. She kept her farm-men busy collecting fuel for the bonfire, that was to guide Florion's ship, in case it should be night when he returned.

March was going out like a lion before

word was brought that the strange ship was in sight.

It was evening time, and the lightning was flashing, and the thunder crashing, and trees being blown down, and the cattle cowering in the linney.

Dama Widden was smiling, and patting the ground with her stick, whilst Rose was putting the last stitches in her wedding gown, afraid to cry, lest the tears should fall on it and bring her sorrow.

Suddenly she shrieked with terror at thought of her lover's peril; threw her gown down on the settle, and snatched a bunch of pinewood from the burning fire, and ran out to the field where the bonfire was piled. But the wind and rain blew it out, and the fuel of the bonfire was wet and would not burn. Night was coming on apace. The channel was dangerous, with no light to guide a stranger, and Rose pictured his ship broken

upon the beach, and her lover Florion drowned, tossed about by the angry waters.

"It can't be lit," said one of the men at last, when darkness was black about them.

Rose ran indoors to Dama Widden, crying—

"What shall I do, the bonfire won't burn?"

"The house would make a fine blaze," said Dama Widden dreamily, gazing at the fire.

In an instant Rose made up her mind. Her dear old house should go, to save her lover's life. The thunder rolled so continuously, she could not make any one hear, whilst hailstones as big as eggs clattered on the roof, and the lightning made the firelight pale.

Rose caught her spinning-wheel up and threw it on the fire; and took a lighted brand in the tongs, and ran upstairs with it, and set fire to the window-curtains, bed-hangings, to

the wooden bedsteads, and the treasure-chests full of gold, and silver.

Then back down the stairs, dropping the brand on the top one to make it blaze too. Then she piled her wedding gown on the fire, and ran out into the storm again to see the blaze—the destruction of her home, and wealth, to save her lover's life.

The rain ceased, so that the old farm-house blazed merrily; and the linney, barns, and sheds helped the flames, by blazing too.

At dawn nothing was left but a heap of smouldering ruins. The servants had run away. Only Rose and her godmother remained on the hillside. But Rose was happy, for close to the shore lay Florion's ship.

Fast she ran down the hillside, and with outstretched hands welcomed Florion home.

He put his arms around her, and kissed her carelessly; then he said—

"Your bonfire saved my ship, sweet Rose —'Flour hy hynsé.'"

"I am glad, glad," cried Rose, clinging to him, and sobbing.

"Why! how wet and cold you are, and your face all black, your curls burnt. Ugh! I can't bear the smell of burning hair and the sight of a dirty face!" Florion turned away in disgust, and hastened up to the farm. Ready for breakfast, and dry clothes.

Dama Widden stood in his path.

"Back to the kitchen, dame, and cook for your master."

"'Master have I none,
Nor Mistress either;
Of my own will I serve,
And my help tender,'"

screamed Dama Widden, striking the ground with her stick.

"There's no breakfast here for you to-day."

"What?" cried Florion.

"Rose burnt her farm to light you home."

"What?" said Florion again.

"The bonfire would not burn. So the devoted girl sacrificed all to you—wealth, home, knowing well you would love her the more for her recklessness."

Florion rushed past, up to where the farm had stood on the top of the hill.

Only ruins met his gaze. He spoke no word, but ran down the hillside, followed by Dama Widden's laughter; rushed past Rose, jumped into the boat, and was on board his ship in a few moments.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" said Dama Widden to herself, as she hastened down to Rose, who lay crying on the ground.

> "'Thy breakfast take,
> Off to the moor:
> The morning's tide brings naught of worth,'"

chanted Dama Widden as she sat down to wait by Rose's side.

She tapped the ground three times, and her old white donkey appeared, with Hecca's fur cloak on its back.

"You must come home with me," said Dama Widden at length. Giving Rose her hand, she made her stand up, and wrapped Hecca's gift about her.

"It's for another girl," said Rose, pushing it away.

"It was left for you, for next winter. Hecca never thought of any one but you," said Dama Widden, as she made Rose get on to the white donkey's back, and then got up herself.

In a moment they were all three across the Tamar into Devonshire, and in the lane outside Dama Widden's cottage.

"Put the beast in the field," said the old woman to Rose.

Just then there was a sharp bark, and Nagonan bounded up, and jumped up to Rose and licked her hands.

"Go!" cried Dama Widden, hitting him with her stick. "Go to Hecca."

Nagonan barked sharply, and was away out of sight in a moment.

"Even Nagonan leaves me," thought Rose sadly, as she took the white donkey to its field.

"I have only Hecca's gift left, of all my wealth. I must be careful of it."

She took it off her shoulders and folded it up, and took it to the bedroom Dama Widden said was to be hers, and spread it over her bed.

"You'll find clothes in the chest," said Dama Widden.

So Rose took off her wet, scorched clothes, and dressed herself in a peasant-maid's gown, and apron; but she had no shoes, nor stockings to put on, so had to go bare-foot.

"Get the tea," was the old woman's next

order, and Rose fetched water from the well, and put the kettle on the hook, and did all so neatly, that Dama Widden said approvingly—

"'A tidy girl
Is fit wife for an earl,
Though she hath not a shoe to her foot.'"

But Rose was too miserable to notice what was said to her. She could not eat, so the old woman sent her to bed, where she lay weeping and crying a long time.

"'Who grieves, and weeps, laughs soon,
Who grieves dry-eyed, grieves long,'"

said Dama Widden to herself smilingly.

Before sunrise she woke Rose, and sent her to milk the cow, make butter, and to bake bread for breakfast. And Rose obeyed her silently.

"'Who works through a sorrow,
Weeps to-day, and smiles to-morrow,'"

sang Dama Widden.

And this proved true in Rose's case, until when the "may" was turning pink on the trees, she laughed and sang about her work.

She sang so sweetly that the old farmer, Tyack by name, who lived close by, heard her as he worked in his fields, and came to visit the old woman.

Rose was spinning on the hearth, and Dama Widden seated in her arm-chair, her ebony stick propped against the wall, watching her godchild, when Farmer Tyack appeared.

He said nothing, but dropped a small sack of meal on the floor by Dama Widden's side, with a nod of his head.

"Thank you, neighbour, and good day to you," said the old woman.

Farmer Tyack mopped his face, and fixed his small grey eyes on Rose, whose thoughts were far away, and she took no notice of the old dame's visitor.

After he had sat a while he departed with another nod of his head, and the next evening he came whilst Rose was milking the old dame's cows.

"Better health, than wealth, in a wife," he said, as he sat down.

> "'The fewer the years,
> The higher the price,
> When an old man, seeks
> To buy him a wife,'"

answered the dame promptly. She knew he wanted Rose, and wanted to know if he were stingy or not.

"I can give a cow for your grandchild," replied the farmer.

"Good," said the dame. You must see if Rose consents to be bought for a cow."

"Will you be willing, dame?"

"See what Rose says, then—

> "'When the young cry, We will,
> The old sigh they must.'"

"If she says no, I shall not influence her; but—

"'Bid you well come,
Or bid you be gone,'

as she likes."

So the farmer went to ask Rose, promising to do great things for her Dama Widden, if she would accept him as a husband.

Rose thought of Dama Widden's saying—

"'Please the eyes,
Starve the heart.'"

"I did that when I chose Florion," she said to herself.

Then she shut her eyes, that she might not see the old farmer's purple nose, and red face, and said—

"Yes."

"Will you marry me after haymaking?"

"Yes."

"Will you come and help me make the hay?"

"Yes," said Rose again; and, running indoors, she told Dama Widden what she had promised.

The old woman smiled, and nodded, and patted the ground with her stick, as she wished Rose happiness. And Rose kept her promise, and went haymaking at Farmer Tyack's; worked so hard that she overheated herself and caught a fever; so that she was not able to be married as soon as haymaking was over.

The old farmer came daily to inquire for her.

"She got ill doing work for me. I shall give her a silk gown to be married in," he said.

But the first time he saw Rose after her illness, he said nothing, but got up, and went away in a hurry.

Dama Widden smiled, but Rose wept bitterly, and said—

"He only cared for my beauty."

"And Florion cared for your wealth."

"No one ever cared for *me*," sobbed Rose.

"Hecca Hellier did, only you did not care for him."

"He went away and—and left me."

"And you were glad to be rid of him."

"Only because Florion did not like him. I never thought anything about him."

"The farmer must marry you," said Dama Widden fiercely.

And she trotted off to his farm to tell him so.

"No, no, dame; you shall have the cow, but you shall keep your grandchild. She's too ugly for me."

Alas! this was true; for Rose had lost all her good looks when she had the fever. Her cheeks were thin and yellow, her hair thin and dull, and her pretty figure was shrivelled and bent, like an old woman's.

"But you say she made herself ill working for you,' said Dama Widden.

"True, dame; and for that I'll give you a cow. I am going to be married to a strapping wench on Sunday. I'll leave the cow as I pass to the church."

With this Dama Widden had to be content, and, as she chuckled to herself constantly, I suppose she was.

"'Better little
Than naught,'"

she said to Rose when she told her.

"I wish Hecca were here," said Rose to herself. "He would not forsake me because I am poor and ugly."

Just then Rose heard a dog's joyous barking, and Nagonan rushed into the kitchen and jumped about his mistress, whose tears fell fast on his wet nose, and flapping ears.

Then a man's footsteps entered the kitchen,

and Rose, looking up, saw a handsome, well-dressed man, whose quiet, searching eyes fell on her withered face.

"Hecca!" she said, and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, so you're back; and not such a loutish, untidy fellow as you used to be. Better manners, too," said Dama Widden's voice, as Hecca bowed politely to her and placed her a chair.

"Have you made your fortune?"

"Yes, Dama Widden; and as I heard Rose has lost hers, and her lover, I hastened back to offer her myself, and it, as soon as Nagonan found me."

"Then you sent my dog away, Dama Widden," said Rose, lifting her head.

"Umph! You're no beauty for Hecca to take," said the old godmother.

"She will always be lovely in my eyes," said Hecca.

Of course after that, there was no more to be said.

When Farmer Tyack called on the Sunday to leave the cow, he found the old dame seated on her white donkey, and Rose riding pillion behind Hecca, just starting off to be married.

Farmer Tyack's bride was seated behind him—a bold-eyed, red-cheeked girl, who made fun of poor Rose's faded face, and woollen gown. For she was wearing the silk gown, Farmer Tyack had bought for Rose.

"Better be worthy, than lovely," said Dama Widden to the bold-faced bride.

"And better than either, be both, as Rose is," said Hecca, riding on quickly to be first at the church door with Rose.

So it happened that they were married, and home again before the farmer and his bride.

"Where is Dama Widden?" said Rose, looking about her. "She was standing by her donkey in the field but a moment ago."

"Here I am," said a gentle voice.

Looking around, Rose saw a lovely golden-haired girl, and by her side a team of white horses. The donkey had disappeared.

The girl waved her hands, and the cottage became a palace, and the garden, and field stretched out on all sides, and became a park.

"Dear Rose," said the girl, "I am your Fairy Godmother. My task was to remain with you from the time your parents died, until you were happily married. My task is over. Hecca loves you, not your wealth, nor your beauty. But you are to have both, because your misfortunes arose from a too tender heart, not from any fault of your own. So be once more '*Rôs, flour hy hynsé.*'"

As she spoke she kissed Rose on her fore

head. And all her beauty returned to her, but also with more added.

"Hallo!" shouted Farmer Tyack, as he cantered up and saw his despised sweetheart more lovely than before, his little grey eyes shining with surprise.

The fairy tapped Farmer Tyack's cow with her wand; and it changed into a black cat, which sprang on to the farmer's shoulders, spitting and swearing. His bride clung round his fat waist; and his horse, frightened, flew over hill and dale to the World's Edge, and fell over.

Then Rose and Hecca turned to thank the dear Fairy Godmother, but she had gone back to Fairy Land.

Ever after where the Fairy had last stood, a white rose bloomed, and filled the air with its perfume, and daily Hecca gathered one and placed in his Rose's hair until it was white as the rose.

Then she, too, went to Fairy Land, and Hecca with her.

What became of Nagonan?

He lived to be very old and was buried.

And the otter-skin cloak?

Ah! that was the most precious of all Rose's garments, you may be sure.

VI

"STANDBY"

THE GIPSIES

WHY do I always call Missie little Miss Standby?

Because she has steady eyes, and always keeps her promises, and looks after her rabbits every day alike—not killing them with kindness one time, and starving them another. The same with her garden; I see her every day attending to it. Not like—well, we won't mention names—but like some folks who forget to water their flowers for a week at a time.

I'll tell you a bit about Standby, Auld Master told me. Then, sir, you'll see why I took the liberty of giving Missie the name of a dog.

Yes, sir, of a dog. This is the way Auld Master told it :—

It was about 1780—I am not sure of the date for a year or two. I was a boy of nine, and had ridden across on my pony from Falmouth, to Mawgan, together with my Father, and Mother, to spend Christmas at my Grandfather's farmhouse.

I was feeling tired and sleepy, but as it was Christmas Eve, I tried not to show I was stiff, and tired with my ride. So I stretched myself out before the fire, with my head on Standby's body as he lay at my grandfather's feet.

The elder people were talking as they sat round the fire, for it was a cold night, and sleet was falling, and the Yule-log was burning briskly upon the hearth in the old hall, where the fire was never let go out from one Yuletide to the next.

The latch of the door leading from the kitchen clicked, and John, the *hind*,[1] entered touching his forelock.

"They gipsies, maister, do waant to slaip in the empty barn; they say they waant stail the fowls ef you'll give 'em laive."

"It's a bitter night, John, so I'll let them. Standby, go watch."

My pillow rose and shook himself, and followed old John as his master bade him.

"He'll kill the man who touches anything to carry it away," said Grandfather. And we all knew what he said was true.

The gipsies slept in the barn, but were up and away early on Christmas Day. They had not touched the poultry, nor eggs, nor anything; but Standby had disappeared.

No church for Grandfather, or Father, that day. They hunted the countryside, but no

[1] A Bailiff.

trace of the gipsies could they find. Nor could they find Standby.

"The dog must be dead," said Grandfather. And he mourned for the loss of his faithful and valuable servant; and although he had to get another to take Standby's place, the new dog was not made welcome in the house as the old one had been, but was left to old John.

It was Christmas time again, the following year, and Grandfather was kept late at Helston market, and was riding home alone, and in haste; for my Father, Mother, and myself, had again ridden over from Falmouth, to Mawgan, to spend Christmas.

It was a cold night, and snow had fallen, hiding the track across the Downs. But the moon had risen, and the night was clear and bright, and every object could be clearly seen moving over the snow-covered ground.

Suddenly, from behind a hedge at the beginning of the Downs, a man sprang out, caught the bridle of my Grandfather's horse in his hand, and said, menacingly—

"Your money!"

Now my Grandfather had a large sum of money in his pocket, and he was a powerful, determined man, in spite of his sixty years. But he could not, with his short riding-crop, reach the man, nor could he wrench the horse's head from his grasp; but he had no intention of giving up his money.

He wondered what he should do, and was measuring with his eyes the man's size and strength, to see, if he dismounted, if he could fight him—if there was no other way. And all the time the man watched my Grandfather.

"There's more coming," remarked the man grimly.

My Grandfather heard the twigs in the

hedge crack, but he sat quiet and watchful, determined not to give in.

Bark, bark!

The horse threw up his head, and pawed the ground, as a dog bounded up, and with sharp barks, and springs, showed his delight at seeing an old friend, and his old master.

But my Grandfather's delight was greater than the dog's, although this was no time to show it. For he recognised his long-lost dog, Standby.

"Standby!" he called, in his deep voice, "Standby! do your duty!"

In a moment Standby flew at the man's throat and the horse's bridle was dropped, and my Grandfather, was carried home at the hardest gallop he ever had.

My Father, old John, the farm-hands, all turned out, and, by the light of lanterns, found the spot on the Downs where the man had stopped the horse, and where the

dog flew at his throat. There was no difficulty in finding it, for blood marked the spot, and was traced over the hedge across a field, but as a blinding snowstorm came on just then, all traces were lost, and they had to return home.

Only my Mother, and Grandmother, went to church on this Christmas Day also.

The snow fell blindingly, and indoors my Grandfather paced the hall, and wandered from one room to another, vowing vengeance on all gipsies.

Whilst John, and the farm-hands, were fed in the kitchen.

It was a gloomy Christmas Day; dinner was sent away almost untasted; and dessert was set upon the shining table. "If the snow would only stop falling we could get out again," said my Grandfather, as he brewed a bowl of punch.

I was standing at the window, and was

not conscious at first that a snow-covered creature was crawling along the garden path, towards the stone porch.

"Some cat," I thought, when I was roused to observe it. But surely that was blood on the ground, left behind as the creature crawled on.

"It's Standby!" I called out before I *knew*. I thought it was that faithful dog.

And Standby it was—stabbed by a knife, wounded cruelly, but still alive.

How far he had come we never heard, nor where he had been all the past year.

At first we feared he would die, but there was more life in the old dog than we knew. And by the time the lambs were in the fields, Standby was able to walk about at his master's heels. And he lived to a good old age.

Auld Maister said he got partly paralysed, and blind, in his old age. But to the last

he'd wag his tail, and try to bark whenever he heard his master say—

"Standby, do your duty!"

So you'll excuse the liberty, sir, I took; when I saw little Missie there, never shirking one of her duties, same as we men do, sir, and gave her the name of a dog, sir, little Missie Standby."

VII

THE BOOK ENDS

The Shoemaker's Chapel

"Ha'n Dew euhella, vedn ry,
Peth yw gwella ol rag why.

It means, sir—

"God supreme, for thee will do,
What He thinks best is good for you."

A man sang it one day, sir, many, many years ago, as he chipped away at a block of granite that for more years than any man could remember, had lain nigh by an oak tree, in a lonely valley near the sea. The two had been great friends together: they had welcomed the spring every year, and whispered to each other when the snows of winter covered them, and the sea moaned

through the dark nights. Now, the granite was being taken away, block by block, and being chipped into shape, whilst the man sang the words I told you, sir.

The granite thought they were not true, but set his teeth, so to speak, and didn't make a sound, lest it should make the oak tree more miserable than it already was.

The last bit of the block of granite had been dragged away, and the oak tree tossed its arms, and swayed itself to and fro, and shrieked out in its grief, for the loss of the block of granite.

"God does not know what is best," it cried loudly night and day, and moaned for the companionship of its old friend the block of granite.

"Here I am left lonely, not a creature to talk to. What can God know of what is best for us?"

The oak tree cried more when the man returned and, still singing—

> "And God supreme, for thee will do,
> What He sees best is good for you,"

cut down the tree, and dragged it away to a place where it was sawn up into lengths, and chipped, and nailed, and cut; until it got too tired, and stupid, to cry out any more. But deep in its heart, it longed more, and more to see the block of granite, and to tell all its troubles to it.

Now the man had taken away the block of granite, bit by bit, to help build the walls of a house. And that particular block was built into the wall of one of the rooms where the fireplace was placed.

And the oak tree, was being carved into a chimneypiece to fit in over, and about, the fireplace. Every fresh cut, and hard knock it received, was making the oak ready to

occupy the place prepared for it, on the inner side of the granite blocks; sheltered from the rains and snows, ice and cold, by its old friend.

This the oak did not know, nor did the granite; but the granite had the sense to keep silence, and not make a fuss.

Many days passed, and the oak at last was carried into the house; and the chimney-piece was put together, and fastened into its place.

And a fire burned on the hearth, and shed bright yellow lights on the oak, and the wintry sun poured in at the southern windows, and showed up plainly the carving upon it, which a girl read aloud in a fresh low voice—

> "'Ha'n Dew euhella, vedn ry,
> Peth yw gwella ol rag why.'"

"That stupid verse again," cried the oak.

"Why not, comrade?" said the granite blocks.

The oak listened; the voice was close to it.

"You here!" it cried.

"Yes, old friend—I'm the outside wall of the house; I'm keeping you warm and dry. And I should never have been able to do that if the man had left me lying like a rock out in the valley. The hard knocks I had were shaping me. And as for you—you would not know yourself. I see the world where I am, and hear what folks say, and all agree you are the handsomest, tallest chimneypiece, seen in these parts. And along the highest panel is carved the words Mistress Emblyn read out just then. And they're true words," said the granite.

"They are true, comrade," replied the oak, as it tried to realise they two were together again for all time.

But the girl did not always read the words, the oak noticed. After a time she used to turn her eyes away that she might not see them, and her step grew slower, and her voice became lower, and worn. But also the oak saw, that the girl was more, and more appealed to for help from people in trouble, and because of her own sorrows, she understood how to comfort them.

Sad times they were—brothers fighting against brothers, fathers against sons, and the women weeping equally for both.

"Folks are saying out in the world, that Mistress Emblyn's friend has become a famous soldier, and that he's coming home now King Charles is on his father's throne once more."

"He'll see Mistress Emblyn sadly changed, said the oak. "She's lost her pink cheeks, and the gold has gone out of her hair."

"Rubbish," said the granite; "it's just

hiding in her heart. You'll see it shine out again."

"Changed! I should think she was. She used to be selfish, and lazy, and think the world and every one in it was made for her pleasure. Sadly changed indeed! Joyously changed, I think; but there, you never could see an inch ahead of you," said the granite, who worshipped Miss Emblyn and could not bear to hear any one hint that she had lost her pretty looks.

There was a clatter of horses' hoofs that distracted the granite's attention.

"He's come home! he's come home!" shouted the granite.

"Who?" asked the oak.

"Mistress Emblyn's friend."

"Oh!" said the oak, as the door of the room opened and a grey-headed, stately man entered.

Mistress Emblyn, who was sitting at her

spinning-wheel, started up and stood trembling. The oak could not see quite what happened, but it heard them both reading together the two lines that had been cut deep into its wood—

"'Ha'n Dew euhella, vedn ry,
Peth yw gwella ol rag why.'"

"They are true words," said the grey-haired man's deep voice.

"They are, dear friend," replied Mistress Emblyn.

Mr. Trethowan's thin, wavering voice was caught and choked by the cough which had been getting worse for several days. Feebly he rose from his stool, and pushed back the dividing curtain, with his thin, soiled hand; entered his wife's domain, and slowly walked to his big arm-chair, that stood by the side of the fire. He sank into its cushions, and laid his arms along the chair's outstretched chintz-

covered ones. His head rested against the high back of the chair; his eyes closed. He slept. We children, standing one on each side, watched his slumbers.

There Mrs. Trethowan found us when she bustled in from shop. She laid the basket down gently and said, not looking at us, but gazing at her husband's still form—

"'Tes teenin' time, cheldurn. Time to rin home'long."

Unwillingly we stole away—past the pulpit, past the drawn-back curtain, past the idle tools, and unfinished boots, and shoes—gained the chapel doors, pulled one of them open, and, sad children of Adam and Eve, we too passed out of Paradise.

And the shining Angel of Death, that dazzles the eyes of men so that they see nothing but thick blackness, barred its entrance as the door fell to with a clang.

VIII

PEDN

PEDN

NOTE

I am indebted to Mr. W. P. Jago's "English-Cornish Dictionary" for some of the words I have used in these tales.

The following proverbs I found in "The Cornish-English Vocabulary," published in 1790 by Dr. William Pryce, of Redruth:—

I

"Sav a man, kebner tha li, ha ker tha'n hâl;
Mor-teed a metten travŷth ne dâl."

Translation.

"Get up, take thy breakfast, and go to the moor;
The sea-tide of the morning is nothing worth."

"This proverb is spoken in St. Just, in Penwith, where are both fishermen and tinners."

II

"Ne vedn nevera doas vâs a tavaz re hîr ;
Bes dên heb tavaz a gollas e dîr."

Translation.

"Never will come good from a tongue too long,
But a man without a tongue shall lose his land."

III

"Rowsa nebaz, ha rowsa da ;
Mêz rowsa nebaz an gwella."

Translation.

"Speak little, and speak well ;
But to speak little is best."

IV

"Cusal ha têg, sîrra wheage,
Moaz pell."

Translation.

"Soft and fair, sweet sir,
Goes far."

V

"Ha'n Dew euhella, vedn ry,
Peth yw gwella ol rag why."

Translation.

"And God supreme, for thee will do
What He thinks best is good for you."

"Teenin' time": Candle-lighting time.
"Whiddles": Idle tales.
"Pedn": Means either beginning or the end.

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A

Preliminary List

OF

MR T. FISHER UNWIN'S

Announcements for

1897

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's

PRELIMINARY List of Announcements

For 1897.

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The Co-founder of Scientific Socialism. His Work and his Associations. [*Autumn*, 1897.

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LITHOGRAPHY.

By JOSEPH PENNELL, Author of "Pen Drawing," "The Illustration of Books," &c., and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. With a Lithographic Frontispiece Portrait of Mr. Pennell, by J. MCNEILL WHISTLER. With Numerous Illustrations and Plates. Uniform in style with "Pen Drawing." Price £3 13s. 6d. net.

[*Spring*, 1898.

Lithography and Lithographers is a study of the art and the artists who have practised it. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have collaborated on this book, which is a history of the invention and development of lithography as an art. Much attention will be paid by the authors to the romantic movement in France when it was at its most important and most interesting phase. The English work of the same time will be by no means neglected, nor yet that of Germany, and Italy, and the other countries where it was so extensively used. The story of this development is extremely interesting, as not only all the artists, but almost all the literary men of the day were concerned in it. The publisher has been fortunate in securing, by special arrangement with the French Government, a selection of special reproductions of the wonderful series of prints which were shown at the Champ de Mars on the occasion of the Centenary Exhibition. While the collaboration and assistance of the most famous contemporary lithographers, artists, and printers has been assured, a number of original unpublished litho-

graphs will be included, as well as a complete series of reproductions of the most famous ones of the past. The book will be of the same size and style as Mr. Pennell's "Pen Drawing," and should be as exhaustive a record of the lithographic work of the century as that volume is of the illustration in pen and ink.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES KEENE.

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This is the first attempt at a complete presentment of the art work of Charles Keene. It is curious that, though an excellent life of this great artist has been written, scarcely any effort has been made to collect or discuss his drawings upon which his fame rests. Mr. Pennell has been fortunate in securing the assistance of Messrs. Bradbury & Agnew, the owners of the engravings for *Punch*, *Once a Week*, and other publications, and they have loaned the original wood blocks, which have never yet been printed from. He has also been aided greatly by the artist's brother, Mr. Henry Keene, who has placed, as executor, all the remaining unpublished works of Keene at Mr. Pennell's disposal. And the collections owned by the British and South Kensington Museums and many private collections will be drawn upon. It is certain that Charles Keene's work in *Punch* and *Once a Week*, from the preliminary sketch to the finished wood-engraving, will be presented as it never has been before. Not only this, but examples of his almost unknown etchings, colour prints, charcoal drawings, past studies, and above all, his unrivalled designs, in pen and ink, which have never been published and never even seen, will be presented in a fashion that will not only appeal to those who now love Keene, but will vastly widen that circle. The book will be illustrated with many portraits hitherto unpublished, and will contain an Introduction and copious notes on Keene's technical methods by Mr. Pennell, who is perfectly qualified and fitted to undertake such a task.

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THE PRINTERS OF BASLE:

Being the Autobiographies of Thomas and Felix Platter. Edited by C. W. HECKETHORNE. Folio, Illustrated, Parchment Gilt, 21s. net. [*Spring*, 1897.

This is a very interesting book, describing the life of two Swiss scholars of the sixteenth century—father and son. We see clearly from its pages the general state of the Continent, and the struggle for religious liberty which was then going on more or less all over Germany and Switzerland. It was the age of Zwingli and Calvin, and the diaries of the two Platters are invaluable historical documents, and do for 1540, in a small way, what Pepys' does for England of 1670.

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It has not been necessary to go further afield than the British Isles to find members of the gentle sex worthy to rank as counterparts to the Twelve Bad Men, and these pages will be found to show that the "badness" of Englishwomen is not so limited in kind as popular phraseology has elected to make it seem. The characters named have been selected as types of various forms of vice as developed in the feminine heart; and if all the deadly sins are not represented it is believed that material is here afforded for a revised edition (with additions) of the accepted list.

This volume is made up as follows:—(1) Alice Perrers, the rapacious paramour of Edward III.; (2) Alice Arden, Shakespeare's chosen type of a bad woman; (3) Mary Frith, "Moll Cutpurse"; (4) the Countess of Somerset, Sir Thomas Overbury's murderess; (5) Barbara Duchess of Cleveland; (6) Mary Young, "Jenny Diver"; (7) Teresia Constantia Phillips, Walpole's "Con Phillips"; (8) Miss Chudleigh; (9) Mrs. Brownrigg, the cruellest of women; (10) Elizabeth Canning, impostor; (11) Mary Bateman, "The Yorkshire Witch"; (12) Mary Anne Clarke, the baleful genius of "the brave old Duke of York."

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These *lettres inédites* have excited so much interest during their appearance in *Cosmopolis* that a bare word of introduction should

suffice. Tourguèneff collected about him in the course of his life in Paris a number of friends from the most distinguished *literati* in France. The specimens given in this book of a ten years' correspondence (1863-73) illustrates Tourguèneff the man in an attractive light. Interesting pen-portraits abound in these pages, which, indeed, have attracted the attention of the Tsar.

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